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THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1904

No. 51

# MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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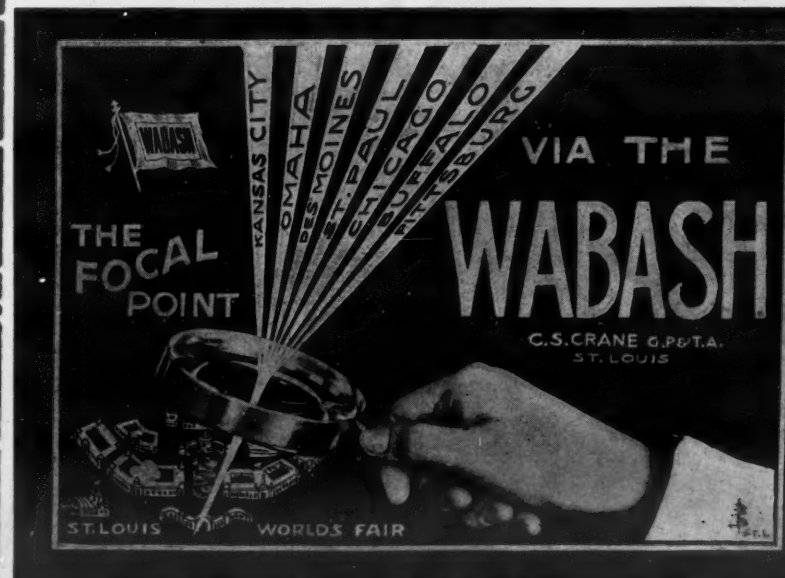
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# The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## A Few Blizzard-Bitten Opinions

By William Marion Reedy

### Senatorial Grafters.

THE indictment of Senator Burton for grafting in connection with the St. Louis get-rich-quick operators is only a mild sort of sensation. Burton is the type of man in national politics of whom anything may be expected, not necessarily anything criminal, but anything foolish. He is an intellectual lightweight and his past performances, as in the case of his using a letter of the President to boost a stock-selling game in connection with a World's Fair concession, has been such as to make him a person of no importance whatever. He will probably escape punishment upon a technicality, as did the other Western Senator, Dietrich, because technically he probably has committed no crime, whatever he may have done from a moral standpoint. There will probably be a howl about his escape upon a technicality, but the howl will be useless for good. The law cannot provide a punishment for every possible moral lapse, especially when there is so much human ingenuity constantly at work to accomplish the making of money by means questionable in morals but not specifically forbidden by law. Those persons are foolish who rave because men accused of crime in connection with political spoilsmanship are not punished by fine or imprisonment or both. Men like Burton and Dietrich are punished. They are exposed in petty grafting, in cheap chicanery. They are exhibited not only as being "on the kinchin lay" in spoils graft, but as being fumbling chumps in the crudity of their work. They might not feel it at all if their morals were impugned, but they are humiliated beyond grief that their intelligence and cunning are aspersed by discovery. The failure of justice in these or other individual cases is, therefore, not so complete as imagined. The offenses for which such men cannot be punished because of lack of specific laws to cover them will be punishable hereafter, for laws will be made to cover such cases. There is no stopping boodling or grafting. We can only make it more difficult for men of evil tendency to boodle or to graft.



### Protection.

THERE has been a subsidence in England of the excitement over Joe Chamberlain's plan to swing the nation over to protectionism. The people don't seem to see that their interest lies in taxing themselves to punish the foreigner. They can see nothing in Mr. Chamberlain's proposal but a retrograde movement, a backward step from the enlarging and progressing liberty that was inaugurated by Cobden. But perhaps England is waiting to see what will happen to protection in the next Republican platform. President McKinley, as we all know, was about ready to abandon the extreme policy of his party on that score when the assassin's bullet struck him down. President Roosevelt is pledged to carry out the policies of President McKinley, but he has departed from those policies so far in other matters that he may in deference to the ideas of the great interests, now so hostile to him personally, modify his attitude on protection and

accept a platform that will still be vital with the spirit of the late Mr. Dingley. Protection is to be an issue in this country this year, as it was in 1892, and this in spite of the gentleman who insists that the issue shall be the divine ratio of sixteen to one.



### Senator Cockrell.

SENATOR COCKRELL of Missouri is Missouri's officially announced candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. But the Cockrell boom hasn't got any further than an official declaration. We don't hear that the Missourians are doing any work trying to secure delegations or votes for Cockrell in other States, as they did for Bland in 1896. In the East it is said that the Missouri declaration for Cockrell was made for no higher purpose than to hold the Missouri delegation for trading purposes in the convention. Out here we know that the Cockrell boom was chiefly contrived by Col. Mose Wetmore to prevent the possibility of delegates declaring for David R. Francis for President. To-day, as a matter of fact, Mr. Francis is more of a candidate for President than Senator Cockrell is, in spite of the declaration of Mr. Francis' own State for the venerable Senator. I trust and so do all Missourians that Senator Cockrell is not to be pushed up against the fate that befell Richard Parks Bland. I hope that the old gentleman is not going to be played with and humiliated. He hasn't any show to be nominated under the circumstances as they now present themselves, and nobody knows it better than himself. That being the case, I don't see why the Missouri vote should be tied up so far in advance of the convention and especially why it should be tied up to suit the ends of Mr. Bryan. It is not only possible that Governor Francis may be a candidate, but it is possible that Senator Stone might be considered for the honor. The compliment to Senator Cockrell is well enough in its way, but to make an old but effective pun, it doesn't weigh much.



### Choir Music.

POPE PIUS X is believed to be determined to restore the Gregorian chant in the Catholic churches of the world. This would not be such a bad reaction. It would, of course, deprive some fangled singers of nice salaries, but it would take a good deal of alleged artistic frivolity out of worship and put some sonorous, stately dignity in its place. Church music has grown too flippant and titillating of late years. There has been too much millinery put into the music. The Pope is probably not so old-fashionedly wrong as some may think in ruling women out of church choirs. The presence of women in church choirs has not been uniformly conducive to piety in the congregation or decorum in the choir. There have been too much opera and too much operatic lightness in the choirs for a long time.



### The Winners.

A BANK cashier at Highland, Kansas, got away with \$250,000. Another one at Cleveland looted his bank of \$187,000. They both played the markets. Well,



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here's congratulations to the bank cashiers who played the markets with their banks' money and guessed them right. There must be a lot of them, since it cannot be possible that all bank cashiers who speculate invariably lose.



### Poor Hamlet.

AT Yale *Hamlet* was tried, the other day, on the evidence submitted by Will Shakespeare, for the murder of *Polonius*. The defense was insanity. The jury could not agree. The ballot stood nine for conviction of murder in the first degree, two for manslaughter and one for acquittal. This leaves the matter where it was before, which is to be regretted, but then what could we expect when the presiding judge was named Epaphroditus Peck?



### The Stringency.

OH no; there isn't a stringency in the country. A movement is afoot in New York to arrange a monster benefit for the actors out of employment there. The first best sign of hard times is in a falling off in the patronage of amusements, and there have been more failures in amusement ventures this season than ever before since 1893.



### No War.

RUSSIA and Japan continue to make faces at each other and the Far Eastern war correspondents have wearied of faking ominous portents. Russia can't borrow money to go to war on. Japan is not as cocky as it was. War wastes money, and that, in these days, more than the waste of life, is what makes war truly, as General Sherman said, hell.



### A Tribute.

A St. Louis artist, Mr. Edmund H. Wuerpel, who knew James McNeill Whistler, is the only one of several hundred persons who have written about the late great whimsical "Butterfly" who has achieved the distinction of producing an article in which there was not exploited some disagreeable incident or mean characteristic. Mr. Wuerpel's article shows us the queer Whistler as he must have been, a human being with goodness predominating over bad in his composition. It is remarkable that one man who knew Whistler well could have found him so ever charming and considerate, while most, if not all, others brought in contact with the genius invariably discovered his rasping angularities and biting acidulousness. Mr. Wuerpel has told his story, not like a flatterer, but with the fair-mindedness of a man who can make allowances for others, and his article, reproduced elsewhere in this issue, is as much a tribute to his own qualities as to Whistler.



### World's Fair Truths.

THE date of the opening of the World's Fair is only three months distant. What of terminal facilities? The delay and confusion at Union Station now are maddening, and a look over the grounds does not convince the most hopeful that the improvements, repairs and extensions will be anything like complete in ninety days. A journey around the World's Fair fails to show any such rush on installation of exhibits as justifies a hope that in three months the Fair will be in that state of preparedness for which we all hope. The buildings are nearly all completed, but the track facilities for transporting the exhibits are wretched. A great deal can be done in a short time with a great hustle, but there can be no great hustle without money, and money is a thing in much demand at the World's Fair just now. There are eight thousand men at work in the grounds now, and they are hardly noticeable.

They would have to be doubled and work overtime to make the headway necessary. This will cost money. The World's Fair not only wants that \$4,500,000 of purposes to borrow on the gate receipts. It needs it and needs it badly. If we are to have much more very cold weather, it is almost a certainty that the opening days of the Fair will be a disappointment of the most grievous sort. As for the city's preparedness—well, we have but to look around us to see that we are in a bad way. Why, even Lindell boulevard is not to be put in good shape for the Fair, now that the scheme to pave the thoroughfare with bituminous macadam has been shelved. The outlook is dispiriting, to say the least, and I am not stating the situation in any alarmist or pessimistic fashion. The transportation question's difficulties are not at all understood. The facts are concealed from the public, but they will have to come out some time. It is my opinion that the World's Fair management is doing the best it can, but it is my opinion further that it would be well for the Fair to abandon the policy of "putting on a good front" and come out with a frank confession of its difficulties. This would interest the public, and the public has really never been interested in this matter. All the public knows is that it looks at what is being done daily at the grounds and cannot figure out how work at the present rate means a fairly complete display on the opening day. If the people were really aroused on the subject of transportation facilities for passengers and freight to the Fair, something might be done through the Municipal Assembly to help the Fair out. As matters now stand, and in all loyalty to the Fair enterprise and its management, I cannot see, nor can any transportation man or engineer or construction man or expert in the installation of exhibits figure out for me, how the Fair is to be ready for opening on the last day of April this year. Will the pouring of \$4,500,000 into labor on the grounds do the necessary work? Possibly it will. Here's hoping, then, that we get the money as soon as possible and without any red tape. The Fair management, let me say, is not to blame for the delay. The Fair is at least forty per cent. bigger than was intended it should be, owing to second-thought determination of the foreign nations to come in on the big show. The main delay, and the worst delay because the latest, is due to the failure of the city legislators to provide the facilities that would enable a rapid setting up of the exhibits. The facilities for transportation would have been provided if the City Council had done its duty. The Council blocked the Fair more than all the obstructionism of "old foggy" opponents during the past four years. If the Fair does not open auspiciously the City Council must bear the heaviest part of the blame. But who influenced the City Council? Was it the *Post-Dispatch*? I believe that paper fought the terminal facilities bills, with the assistance of the *Globe-Democrat*. And now both these papers are afraid to describe actual transportation conditions at the Fair for fear of disclosing the damage to the Fair at which they wittingly or unwittingly connived when the transportation situation might have been saved. The truth is that the present plight of the Fair is almost bad enough to lend some color to the still unsuppressed rumor of another postponement.



### The Hanna "Spiel."

THE article entitled "A Home View of Mr. Hanna," printed elsewhere in this issue, will be read with added interest when it is known that it comes from the pen of one of the Ohio Senator's most trusted lieutenants and closest friends in the city of Cleveland. It is not difficult to detect in its general tone and in the suggestiveness of the concluding sentences that Mr.

Hanna is not "cutting bait," but is industriously "fishing" for delegates in Missouri and elsewhere.



### Food.

YOUR true plutocrat these days is the man who controls a half bushel of potatoes or a half dozen fresh eggs. Thank heaven for the much maligned breakfast foods in this contingency.



### Trust Company Consolidation.

LAST week I commented upon the consolidation of the Germania Trust Company with the Commonwealth Trust Company and took occasion to say that I thought the consolidation was a good thing as part of a process of elimination of the unfit in local finance. I was wrong. The Germania was not in danger of disaster or distress. In fact, the price paid for the stock, \$237.45 per share, shows that the Commonwealth got a good thing. The Germania stockholders have had an equivalent of an 18 per cent. per year dividend and they have no complaint. The company financed no enterprises of questionable character, the impression that it had done so being due to the fact that it was depository for some enterprises that were not favorably looked upon in other quarters. The Germania, in fact, did a phenomenal business in the brief period of its existence, and its officers and directors really didn't deserve the jolt I gave them upon the misinformation I had at hand. But why did the Germania go out of business when business was so good? Because business is not going to be so good in a banking way again in some time. During quite a while the making of money was easy with people willing to pay six per cent. to a bank for it, but now money is down to about a 4½ or 4 per cent. basis, locally, and may go lower as a result of a campaign stagnation in enterprise, to say nothing of the ultra conservatism which will stop investment and prompt a holding off in anticipation of the inevitable slump from the World's Fair. There isn't going to be any easy money in banking for some time. This being the case, it is not remarkable, therefore, that well posted local financiers do not hesitate to say that it would be well for the community if there would be a few more consolidations of banks and trust companies. The business has been so divided that it is impossible to keep it profitable in dull times. Consolidation would reduce expenses to a great extent, and it would make for a profit on volume of business where there will shortly be little or none owing to the disproportion between the great mechanism for the transaction of business and the small volume of business transacted. The Germania went out of business on a conservative basis, as well as at a handsome profit. It was in better shape than any of the other trust companies recently absorbed by rivals. Its example would appear to be worthy of emulation in other quarters. So that, in a general way, I was right in intimating that the consolidation of the Germania with the Commonwealth was a good thing for the city, even if I was wrong in my inference that the absorbed company had been taken in because it was weak.



### Rule or Ruin.

MR. BRYAN declares in effect that no man shall be nominated by that party except that man be satisfactory to him. This is an experiment in bossism that the country will watch with intense amusement.



### Why Our Money is Filthy.

A PARAGRAPH in these columns last week concerning the unfavorable impression made upon foreign visitors by our filthy paper currency appears to have attracted no little attention. Several letters have been



received asking why our money cannot be kept clean. Our money is not kept clean because it isn't called in and destroyed when dirty. The banks that issue money don't like the trouble of sorting out filthy or ragged bills and issuing new ones. The printing costs money, and the signing of the bills takes time. In the Eastern States the banks pay more attention to this than the banks do in the West. You will find cleaner money in circulation in the East than in the West. A great deal of ragged and filthy money is taken in daily and sent to Washington to be reduced to pulp, but the banks won't undertake to give out new bills for old. The National banks don't want to pay expressage of 20 cents per \$1,000 on soiled money, the printing of which they have already had to pay for, to the Treasury at Washington. The banks say that people want their money quick, and won't wait for fresh bills, and that business would not stand for the temporary withdrawal from circulation of large numbers of bills for redemption. Money to be redeemed has to be carefully sorted out and put up in specially marked packages, and this takes the time of clerks in the banks, as the treasury department will do no "sorting." The country banks won't sort out the unclean or mutilated bills, and send them to their city correspondents, and the city correspondents won't do it in order to send the bills to the sub-treasury or the treasury. The banks might easily be compelled to furnish clean money. The microbe theory is strong enough to afford ample justification for a law that will enforce the retirement of unclean money from circulation as a sanitary measure. The adoption of the Post check system would help us towards clean money. As usual, the public doing business with the various banking houses could do a great deal to keep the currency of a community fairly clean, by insisting on having clean, crisp bills when cashing checks or withdrawing deposits. Moreover, when in the course of the daily business mercantile houses, wholesale and retail, take in a large amount of soiled currency, they could have it redeemed at once at any of the banks or the sub-treasury. Money of this character in any denomination, or bulk, can also be exchanged for clean paper or bullion by individuals. This disreputable appearance of much of the money, treasury officials say, is due to the constant demand upon the Treasury Department, which prevents the newly made bills receiving the proper "aging." Bills fresh from the plates, it is said, should be permitted to remain in the drying process for three weeks, at least, but it is seldom that a batch of bills nowadays is permitted to remain long enough in the "drying" room to absorb the ink. The ink being still fresh on the paper when the money is placed in circulation, the face of the bills is soon smeared, and quickly picks up particles of dirt. The great percentage of soiled money is in the bills of smaller denominations up to \$20. These are in most common use among the working classes, so that they quickly absorb the soot and grime of factory or shop. If you ask for clean money you will get it. You may have some difficulty at first, but business people will do what their patrons want them to do. We have pretty well rid ourselves of mutilated or plugged coins, and we can do the same with regard to filthy money. As in the case of almost every other ill we suffer in this country, the cure for this one lies with the people themselves.



## Blair's Luck.

MR. JAMES L. BLAIR'S life insurance to the sum of \$775,000, has been paid over to his heirs, successors and assigns. This leaves quite a neat sum over and above the largest figures mentioned as the amount of his ingenious peculations. Mr. Blair was a fortunate

man, even in his misfortune and disgrace. His downfall was such a great event that the insurance companies could not resist the temptation to get an advertisement out of his death by paying the policies which, in the case of a less conspicuous person, would undoubtedly have been contested.



## Working for Wall Street.

THE vocal gentleman from Nebraska is a great enemy of Wall Street. He is splitting the Democratic party wide open. That's what Wall Street wants. With the Democracy rendered innocuous Wall Street would be readier to turn down Roosevelt for the Republican nomination and put up a more "tractable" and less "erratic" candidate. The gentleman from Nebraska is a pretty good advance agent of Wall Street prosperity.



## Where He'll Land.

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is in such a state of intense activity that the indications are good that he will be head of a third party ticket this year.



## Senator Stone.

SENATOR WILLIAM J. STONE, of Missouri, purposes standing by the Panama treaty in opposition to the policy of Senators Gorman and Bailey. Senator Stone, of Missouri, is not going to get himself tied up with blind opposition to an accomplished fact. He may object to some of the details of the Panama "coup," but he has always been an expansionist and an opponent of "little Americanism," and his attitude now is consistent with his past record. Mr. Stone is not going to be a backward or retiring member of the Senate, and he will make a record as a personality in that body that will make some Missourians ashamed of the manner in which they have endeavored to belittle him in the past. Mr. Stone will be a force on the floor and in the committee, and about all that we shall remember to his discredit in a few years will be that he was "confided" into a false attitude toward certain legislation in Missouri by that miserable blend of thief and ass and liar, ex-Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee.



## The Comic Vote.

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST will undoubtedly be supported by all the Happy Hooligans in his race for the Democratic nomination for President.



## A Strong Wink.

GOV. DOCKERY is being condemned by certain labor "leaders" for his ultimatum to the carriage and cab drivers to the effect that he would not stand for any interference with funerals by those "gents" while on strike in St. Louis. But the public at large approves Gov. Dockery's stand as both decent and courageous. A little more of this sort of standing pat on Gov. Dockery's part will enhance his reputation and benefit his party. The Governor has been called a temporizer, and all politicians are that, more or less, but when he came out openly and said of his unjustly indicted and later vindicated secretary, that he believed in his innocence, and would stand by him to the end, and when he called the bluff of the strikers who manifested a disposition to stop funerals, he showed the mettle that commands popular approval and support.



## Hello, Pants!

CONGRESSMAN VANDIVER says that boodle is the only issue in Missouri. Congressman Vandiver is the man who sent his soiled linen from Washington to Cape Girardeau in the mails under his Congressional frank. The "wash" was discovered at St. Louis through a defect in the address on the package. Now

was this, or was it not, a case of boodling? Was it a case of defrauding the mails? The fact of the discovery of the statesman's soiled linen was published in the papers at the time. The news item was never contradicted. Is Congressman Vandiver, the virtuous, any less a betrayer of public trust, any less a user of public office for private profit or advantage than the men who have been indicted or convicted by Mr. Folk?



## Overzealous.

CARTER HARRISON, of Chicago, has been held for the Grand Jury in connection with the Iroquois Theater disaster. The evidence of his culpability in the matter is remote and flimsy, and the aspersion cast upon him is an outrage not in the least justified by Chicago's demand for the punishment of those directly responsible for that horror.



## Ostracism.

A SOCIETY has been organized in the East to ostracize ladies who drink cocktails and smoke cigarettes and get married after having been divorced. Societies for moral reform are usually to be encouraged, but societies having for set purpose the "ostracism" of people outside of those societies are not American. The drinking of a cocktail or the smoking of a cigarette is no crime in itself. Marriage after divorce is not against any State or National law. A great many strictly decent and highly moral people do, or have done, all the things disapproved by the society to which I refer, and a great many virtuous women wear décollete gowns, which custom is also deemed sufficient cause for ostracism by the new reformatory society. Ostracizing organizations are doomed to be ostracized themselves. Anything or anybody that should be ostracized will be put beyond the pale without the necessity of any organization.



## My Support.

I AM in receipt of so many anonymous letters informing me that my criticism of Mr. Folk and approval of Mr. Hawes are helping the cause of the former gentleman, that I wonder the friends of Mr. Folk should desire to silence me, and thus deprive their "gallant leader" of such valuable, if indirect and unintentional support.



## Trappings.

THE President insists that the members of the diplomatic corps shall attend the receptions at the White House in all the fine clothes, ribbons, medals, gold lace and other decorations they can command. This is right. There can't be too much color and picturesqueness at social functions at the National Capital. The society reporters are tired of writing descriptions of ladies' gowns, and can now vary the monotony by unintelligible depictions of the uniforms of foreign celebrities.



## D. R. F.

THE boom of David R. Francis for the Democratic nomination will grow stronger with the approach of spring, and it may become irresistible by the time the World's Fair gates are opened to the world.



## Folk and God.

THE stars in their courses worked against Sisera. Judging from the St. Louis papers, Atropos is working for Folk for Governor of Missouri. We are regaled with stories showing how often Death has invaded the homes of men who have been indicted or extradited, or convicted by the Circuit Attorney. The inference is that Providence is helping Joe Folk to punish, through their innocent relatives, the men whom



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Mr. Folk has failed to land in the penitentiary. Is this not a delicate insinuation that the Circuit Attorney has affected some such alliance as the one a few years ago exploited with a comicality almost approaching blasphemy in the doggerel wherein the German Kaiser proclaimed the understanding between "Meinselluf und Gott?" Are the deaths of the innocent children of Edward Butler, Charles Kratz, Charles Kelley, Charles Gutke legitimate campaign material for Folk? Does the Circuit Attorney glory in the fact that Death is his henchman? Is the Folk intelligence such that it supposes that the deaths in the families of the indicted boodlers show the hand of God pointing out Folk as the man for Governor? What a ghastly campaign trick! How exquisitely calculated to capture the imagination, superstition and votes of the ignorant who will say that the disfavor of Folk is a fatal "hoodoo" to those upon whom it falls!



### *Not in Kansas.*

SENATOR BURTON, of Kansas, has been indicted for getting mixed up as attorney with the get-rich-quick concerns. But we don't hear anyone splitting the air with the shriek that "boodler is the only issue" in Kansas.



### *Flowers and Empire.*

THE inauguration of the commemoration of the birthday of William McKinley by wearing a carnation in the buttonhole is a pretty innovation in National life. It is not inappropriate that the memory of the man who gave us a greater United States should be enshrined in a custom similar to the one which in England keeps fresh the fame of Beaconsfield, who gave to Great Britain the Empire of India. The carnation league is akin to the primrose league.



### *Too Suspicious.*

REFORM is rampant in St. Louis. A member of the Board of Public Improvement is to be everlastingly damned because he was the real estate agent of a man who sold a lot to the city as a site for an engine house. The lot was the best lot offered. The price was a just one. There was no trickery in arranging the sale. The man who owned the lot listed it with the real estate company, of which the member of the Board of Public Improvements is President, on the advice of the License Commissioner. The whole transaction was perfectly fair and open. The profit on the transaction to the Board member, if anything, was not enough to pay his club dues. But the papers demand that it be explained. The incident is explained when it is admitted. The row over it only shows that a great many people in this city have attained to a condition of monomania in which they can see nothing straight in the whole world. Too many of our reformers seem to be constitutionally unable to see things otherwise than crookedly, and we are therefore justified in suspecting them of a fundamental subjective crookedness. Their suspicions convict themselves rather than those they so readily accuse.



### *At Missouri's Athens.*

I WENT to Columbia, Mo., last week to see how the people in Missouri's Athens welcomed Mr. Hawes. They received him pleasantly, and listened to him attentively, although they were evidently surprised that he had no forked tongue and no cloven hoofs, and was in everyway the antithesis of the sort of person the city leader has been pictured in the Folk organs and the Republican press. You couldn't distinguish Mr. Hawes from among the State University professors,

and some of the latter who listened to and looked upon and met him declared that they had been utterly misled as to his appearance, his mentality and his general characteristics. There is no doubt that wherever Mr. Hawes appears in the State, there is administered at once a severe check to the Folk enthusiasm diligently fostered by the newspaper celebration of the latter gentleman, and in no place was this more marked than in this pretty and progressive university town, where, as might be expected, idealism in politics is conspicuous. It seemed to me that Mr. Hawes impressed Columbians with a rather more optimistic view of conditions in Missouri than they had taken as a result of the jeremiads of the Circuit Attorney against a corruption that he seems to think has taken possession of the entire commonwealth. Mr. Hawes made it plain to this idealistic community that there were other reform influences at work in Missouri than Folk, and that the cause of good government had been in St. Louis, for some years, at least, and under Mr. Hawes' leadership synonymous with practical politics. In fact, Mr. Folk himself was, for the first time, shown to be but an incident or a development of Mr. Hawes' labors in the regeneration of Democratic politics and the purification of the public service. Columbia, like the rest of the State, had heard only one side of the present campaign—the Folk side—and it never realized before that the Folk side was almost exclusively the Republican side; that is to say, the Folk idea is a carefully cultivated Republican representation that the Democratic party is wholly corrupt, because a few Democrats who have been crooked have been exposed, with a whole raft of Republicans, by Democratic officials, obeying the mandates of Democratic platforms. "Boodler is the issue in Missouri" seemed a silly cry, indeed, in a city with, perhaps, the finest State University in the country. Corruption could hardly dominate a party that had done so much to build up the magnificent \$10,000,000 educational institution. A State machine grinding all things as political grist could hardly be believed in as one reflected that in this great institution of learning administered under the auspices of the Democratic machine, or organization, there are, at least, fifty professors who are not of the political faith dominant in this State. I attended a dinner to Mr. Hawes at the Gordon Hotel, and heard a number of speeches that surpassed in thought and diction those at nine out of ten banquets in St. Louis, and those speeches were all significant of the fact that thinking Missourians are beginning to resent the fact that a man should make a campaign for a Democratic nomination upon a platform tinted, toned and attuned to the wholesale and old Republican charge that the State is one of mummies and mossbacks, dominated by crooks. The realization gains ground at Columbia, as elsewhere, that Mr. Joseph W. Folk, thrust into prominence by the work his party set him to do, has seen fit to go before the State and the country with no ideas beyond an elaboration of the late Joseph B. McCullagh's ululation in the *Globe-Democrat* of "Poor old Missouri." A Democracy that has built up the splendid institution of a State University at Columbia cannot be a party so wholly given over to boodler and corruption that any man can, with justification, constitute himself another Peter the Hermit, preaching a crusade against criminal domination in its higher and inner councils. A Democracy that has fostered such a university is not a party that is going to be swept off its feet and into a passion on a plea that the party primary shall reverse the Supreme Court when it decides that an ambitious Circuit Attorney did not properly try his causes in the lower courts. The implication that the party is corrupt, because a large element thereof is not ready to make Mr. Folk Governor,

won't go down with the intelligence that is fostered at the State University. Mr. Folk may have prosecuted criminals, but his indictment of his own party is not necessary. If his party is corrupt, why should he seek honor at its hands? Is it solely in order to keep himself regular "within the party lines" for future honors. If Mr. Folk believes the party to be corrupt, and himself to be the incarnation of purity, his proper attitude would be that of an independent candidate for Governor, and that's what he would be if he didn't nurse the hope that in 1908 he may be a candidate for President. Thinking Missourians are not going to be stampeded into Mr. Folk's camp. He cannot abuse his party into nominating him.



### *Electric Death.*

OVER in Korea, when an electric car kills a man there is a riot. In St. Louis the climate is so healthy that the lethal effectiveness of the electric car is regarded as a great boon to a very dignified and worthy element of our population that would otherwise suffer from business depression—the undertakers. It is much to be feared there would be riots of a most desperate character in St. Louis if any day passed in which the electric cars did not kill a man.



### *Agin Everyone.*

THE Eastern men are putting it up to Mr. Bryan in vicious fashion. They are forcing him into the attitude of making an issue of himself against the whole party. Up to date, Mr. Bryan is against every man who might possibly be nominated and elected, and for nobody but Bryan. This is the essence and sublimation of the dog-in-the-manger policy.



### *Welcome, Willie.*

THERE is a strong rumor that we are to have a Hearst daily newspaper in St. Louis. This is pretty bad—one doesn't know whether to regard it as a threat or a promise—but it cannot be an unmitigated evil. Its establishment may stir up some of the existent dailies to competition. At present the papers in St. Louis apparently fighting each other, are really in a trust or gentlemen's agreement to keep down expenses, especially salaries, and to protect certain strong interests in which their proprietors are profiting partners. What St. Louis needs is a paper owned by some man of wealth who is not tied up with and to the men of wealth who have things cinched in this community. I think a Hearst newspaper in St. Louis would stir St. Louis up in a way that the city has long needed stirring.



### *The Prurients.*

WHAT a dull world this would be but for those prurient persons who want to purify life by directing attention to its ulcers and literature by forbidding those books that are too natural. The other day a society in Boston had a number of book-sellers arrested for having in their possession books like the "Heptameron," "Decameron," "Rabelais" and "Don Quixote." Why not Shakespeare and the Bible? Why not any book that deals with life and passion? There's a possible suggestion of sin in any love episode. All it needs is a mind that can't think of love except as a physical, sexual function. I knew a learned, but unfortunate man once who couldn't look at a piece of wall paper, at a fragment of carving, at a letter of the alphabet, without seeing therein a phallic symbol. We all know the youth who can't let the simplest observation pass without distorting it into an excuse for a double meaning of doubtful decency or direct dirt. Of such are the people who are always finding corruption in the masterpieces of lit-



## The Mirror

erature. Now, the fact is, that the "Heptameron" and "Decameron" are so dull that they would remain unread, for the most part, but for just such advertisement as they have received in Boston. Nine people out of ten have read "Rabelais" because they have had an idea that they shouldn't read the book. They miss altogether the quality and value of these books which are such that their suggestiveness or filth is a negligible quantity. Take Rabelais. It is safe to assert that not one reader out of ten who tackles him ever finishes the book. He dips for dirt, gets it, and the rest is unintelligible, when, in fact, the greater part of the book is a wonderful criticism of life, a splendid scarification of folly and sham and sin in statesmanship, science, religion, literature and education, and a presentation of a truly beautiful idealism under the fantasticalities of the laughing monk's method. As for "Don Quixote," the filth is microscopic, and God help him who can remember that only as supreme above the sense of tears it softens the parody of a once beautiful, but latterly degraded dream. A preacher named Leavitt has now come forward to tell us that the Iliad and the Odyssey are immoral, and he thinks that the former is only a story of a young man running away with another man's wife, while the latter is reprehensible because Ulysses tarried long and pleasantly on Calypso's magic isle. Most mythology is indecent, too. The story of David and of Solomon brings the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence. There's nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath that's not nasty. A baby is an abomination. There are people who might see something evil and polluting in the Sistine Madonna. There are such people in the insane asylums—and out

of them. Their only excuse for being is the prominence they are given by the disgust and indignation they excite in the hearts of really pure-minded people of judgment and culture.



### Jumping Them.

HURRAH for merit in the public service! President Roosevelt has just jumped another friend in the army into a place ahead of about two hundred and thirty-seven other officers. And yet Hanna is condemned for standing by his friends, Rathbone and Heath.



### The Patient Plodder.

MR. LOREE, the new president of the Rock Island system, is being elaborately written up as a man who has risen by patient plodding. He is positively complimented upon his lack of brilliancy. This shows how strong is the reaction in the realm of the guff-slinger and the booster from the phraseology that marked their efforts when they were telling us how great was Schwab and Leeds and some others. "Brilliance" is not such an asset in business or finance as it was. "Napoleonic coups" are no longer fashionable. Dramatic color is done for in the domain of dollar-making. There has been too much of all this sort of thing in the Steel Trust, in the shipyard deal, in nine out of ten of the industrials. The "patient plodder" will now have his innings when the brilliants and the Napoleons and the picturesque picaroons of business go bumpety-bump. Let us hope that the "patient plodders" won't have their heads turned by the new semi-disparaging puffery, as Schwab's head was turned by the Stanley Weyman style of write-up.

ways, the one to the sea of Love Absolute, which is heaven, the other to the sea of Hate Absolute, which is hell.

It is the weakest of cowards who takes the life of the weaker creature he has affected to love. Whether from the dog-in-the-manger point of view, "If I may not have you, no one shall," or whether from a mere mad impulse of brute fury; whether afterward the slayer takes his own life or seeks to preserve it, the deed is the deed of a dastard and a weakling.

He seeks, poor fool, to wreak vengeance on the woman because, forsooth, she has been unfaithful, or has learned that she made a mistake in thinking she cared for him. In the latter case, she has but done the best for them both, and in the former, she is not worth what his revenge will cost him. In either case or any, there is no vengeance so crude, so transient, so totally unsatisfactory to him who metes it out, as the pitiful vengeance of death!

But alas that reason should be so tardy-footed, and that hot-blooded impulse should be always first at the goal! Alas that any should lift up his eyes in the torment of remorse for deeds done a-dark and a-dream!

The words of the Song of Songs vibrate down along the centuries, with special meaning for our own. Which are they, menace or plea?

*"Set me as a seal upon thy heart,  
As a seal upon thine arm;  
For love is strong as death;  
Jealousy is cruel as the grave."*

Love naturally connotes jealousy; but modern conditions magnify jealousy to undue proportions. Modern love would seem to be about nine-tenths jealousy, and the remaining one-tenth not over tender passion. This state of affairs is interesting enough in melodrama, but scarcely so agreeable in real life. Stage and novel love may be ferocious, but the love that makes homes must not, cannot be so.

I have heard of a girl who carried a revolver to protect herself against a jealous fiancé, and married him because she feared to endanger her life by refusing. The state of wedded felicity in which she lives is more easily imagined than described. That is a peculiar sort of courage that will take the hand of a potential murderer, rather than dare him to do his worst!

A woman does well to escape such a man, though by the narrow door that opens on a tomb.

Is there still such a thing as a love fraught with sweet reasonableness in this topsy-turvy world? Exists there a devotion so strong, so free from passion, that it would bless where it is denied? Has never, even in faint and counterfeit presentment, the spirit of a Dante, a Petrarch, a Michael Angelo, upon our modern lover descended? And is this a reason why our poetry is attenuate, and all the great arts languish?

The times are more to blame for such crimes than is any individual. The murderer is himself a victim. He is usually an unformed youth and ignorant—though with that deepest-dyed nestience which does not recognize itself, and is not generally recognized as such—the ignorance of wrong education.

Youth loosed upon the world with a little learning sans training and sans culture—that is, culture of heart and soul—makes a combination analogous to that of the foxes, the firebrands and the standing corn of the Philistines.

If asked what is the lesson of first importance to be taught young men to-day, a sage would unhesitatingly answer, "self-control." If asked for the second, "self-control," and for the third, "self-control."

## The Slaughtering of Sweethearts

By E. W. M.

THERE is a perfect mania abroad for the slaying of sweethearts. *Amoricide*—if one may coin the word—is the crime of the hour. Hardly can we turn a corner or glance at a paper, but we see or hear some new tale of a young woman shot to death, clubbed to death, or done to death in some way more or less fiendishly brutal, by the man who has professed to be her lover. If a lassie has a laddie, and has a quarrel with him—and what lassie has not both?—it behooves her to linger over that portion of the litany which reads, "From sudden death Good Lord deliver us."

It is in the nature of an epidemic. One such notorious case occurs, and a score of imitators take the wretched and morbid suggestion as a cat laps milk. Yet there must be a wide-spread and deep-rooted unwholesomeness both in moral constitutions and the moral atmosphere, which predisposes and conduces to disease and the spread of epidemics.

Has Satan himself taken the reins in everything connected with our love-life?

Are the insecurity, the distrust, the faithlessness, the cruelty which long have poisoned marriage, now beginning to ascend into the presumably more spiritual realms of courtship?

Is there to be no place left for love's young dream? Are young lovers yet to be denied even the cheating glimpse of perfect trust and joy which has heretofore been a sort of compensation for many marital woes, even while rendering them more poignant by contrast?

Or is this but an expression of the age's strenuousness carried into the precincts of Cupid? If so, let

us pray for love's *juste milieu*, and let the old saying, "Love me little, love me long," be the motto of all lovers.

And if our love itself has become blood-thirsty, just heaven, what of our hate!!

The epidemic of sweetheart-slaying, coming as it does hand in hand with an unprecedented laxity of the marriage bond, is an eloquent argument against those who clamor for the largest freedom in love.

And yet the one fact is but paradoxically connected with the other.

Where is the consistency in sacrificing human lives on an altar upon which no fire descends, and to a faith which is cast out as a thing worse than worthless? Why should any man burden his soul with the crime of murder for the sake of so light a thing as modern love?

When marriage is lightly esteemed, an engagement will be held far lighter. In three cases out of four, the victim may have been as thoroughly dollar-crazed as the criminal was passion-crazed. The dark cloud of broken faith may have been lighted for her by the "silver lining"—of the pockets of the man for whom she jilted her lover. It's all in the air—all in the *zeitgeist*—even as the crime itself is but part and parcel of the Roman abandonment of life-taking which pervades all classes of society.

The fountain of love and the well-spring of hate are side by side. The brawling mountain currents of their head-waters may easily commingle their spray, though the deeper, stiller waters of the lower courses of their streams flow wide apart on their respective

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### To Him

By Ethel M. Kelley

YOU, whom mine eyes have never seen, are where?  
You are my own in God's most sacred sight.  
Your voice cries out to me across the night.  
I feel your heart-throbs beating on the air.

The little white guest-chamber of my heart  
Is spread for you; you only have the key.  
It holdeth that which no man else may see—  
A shrine to you, where pray I, far apart.

Life has not come to me in gracious guise,  
Nor fingered over oft the joyous chord  
Upon my soul strings, that for you, my lord,  
Will sound to greet the laughter in your eyes.

It was to make me wise for loving you,  
And strong to struggle through your hours of woe;  
It was to make me wise to say, "I know,  
I understand, for I have suffered too!"

Somewhere a pillow dimples to your cheek,  
To-night, somewhere, your breath falls on the air;  
Still must I wait till God reveals me where,  
Still must my heart be silent till you speak.

Oh, hasten, hasten! find the path to me!  
The horror of your coming overlate  
Is strong within me—lest you find the gate  
Spring shut, and, loitering, have lost the key;

Or should some careless morning on you shine,  
When life has donned a wanton gypsy guise,  
And love looks out from some fair woman's eyes  
And wrests that from you that is mine, is mine!

I doubt you not, my lord, save as I doubt  
The manhood of the world; impatiently  
You men look out from eager eyes to see  
The hour-glass sands drip slowly, slowly out.

And sometimes, maddened by the day's dull tale,  
You shred your destinies ere scarce the woof  
Is on the loom, and then, with loud reproof,  
You blame your God who let your weaving fail.

But I can teach you patience. I must ask  
So many paths your hand to guide me through.  
But in the waiting times to sit with you  
And guard you from yourself—this is my task.

And if you should not find me—not to know  
Your foot upon the stair, while I shall live,  
Not to bestow the gift I have to give—  
I wonder if my heart could bear it so!

Oh, hasten, hasten! find the path to me!  
I am a woman, I can only wait.  
Somewhere in God's great world you are my mate,  
My lord, my king; you only have the key!

*From February Scribner's Magazine.*

### A Home View of Mark Hanna

By William R. Hopkins

Cleveland, O., January 21st, 1904.

THE remarkable development of Marcus A. Hanna as a great force in national affairs is scarcely more noteworthy than his advancement to supreme leadership in his own State of Ohio.

Six years ago, he was elected to the United States Senate, after a struggle of unparalleled bitterness, by a majority of one vote. William McKinley was Ohio's idol, and he had thrown into the campaign for Mr. Hanna's election all the great influence of his Presidential office, and his own earnestly expressed desire for the election of his friend. Mr. Hanna's own great services to the party and to McKinley were generally urged, and by many accepted, as sufficient reasons for his election, and Ohio was overwhelmingly Republican. Yet with all of these advantages in the campaign, the election brought a Republican majority of less than ten in the Legislature. So bitter was the opposition to Mr. Hanna within his own party this small majority was wiped out by a coalition of certain Republican members with the Democrats, which gave the organization of both Houses, to the opponents of Mr. Hanna. The ten days which elapsed between the organization of the Legislature and the balloting for United States Senator witnessed a struggle in the Republican party of Ohio in which every resource of two great factions was brought to bear in a death struggle. But the party itself was committed to the election of Mr. Hanna; he having been endorsed by the State Convention as the party's candidate for the Senate, and considerations of party honor and regularity, and of official obligation to fulfill pledges solemnly made, turned so strong a tide of public sentiment against the "bolters" that enough

of them came back to insure Mr. Hanna's election by a majority of one.

Week before last, Senator Hanna was elected to serve a second term in the Senate, and received one hundred and seventeen votes, out of a total of one hundred and forty-three. The magnitude of his victory can be indicated by the fact that the Democratic opposition to Mr. Hanna in the last campaign had high hopes of carrying the Legislature against him, and were not without apparently good reasons for their hopes. Mr. Hanna's best friends only counted upon a sure majority of from twenty-five to thirty votes. The people made it ninety-one, and broke every election record in Ohio to do it.

Six years increased Mr. Hanna's legislative majority from one to ninety-one. They have done more. They have brought him an influence in the Republican organization of Ohio such as no man ever before enjoyed. No Ohio leader ever had such a following in the Republican party of the State. And along with the vindication, the honors and the leadership which these years have brought Mr. Hanna, have come an admiration and love which the people themselves are just beginning to realize. He was McKinley's friend. He is the trusted leader who has the love of his followers and the respect of the whole State.

What was the cause of his weakness six years ago? Chiefly three things: abuse, prejudice, envy. He had been held up to public hatred and contempt as the very incarnation of everything hideous, cruel and debasing in the employing classes. His personal success in life and the wealth he had gained thereby were heralded abroad as proofs positive of his lack of sym-

pathy with the masses and his antagonism to their interests. The men who had controlled the politics of the State saw in his rise the ruin of their schemes and hopes, for where Hanna moved he always led. And so this hideous trinity of forces worked, plotted, lied, inflamed and betrayed until they almost accomplished his defeat.

What is the secret of his power in Ohio to-day? The people have learned the real size and nature of the man, and are punishing those who belied him. Instead of being a "labor crusher," they have learned that he is, and always has been, remarkable for his fairness and kindness to his employees. The last campaign, which was one concentrated personal attack upon him, brought to the front in his behalf a flood of testimony as to his widespread and quiet charities. A great number of the charitable and religious organizations of his home city, regardless of creed, seemed almost like organized Hanna clubs. The man who had been charged with being a selfish, greedy boss, was found to have for his devoted friends and followers a great host of people who had reason to know the bigness of his heart. It is doubtful whether any great man of our time has as many and devoted friends in as many and widely separated walks of life as Marcus A. Hanna.

He is a man's man. He loves the men he works with and fights with. Scorning everything small and mean, yet nothing is too small to think of and do for a friend. In the midst of a heated political struggle a few years ago, he turned to one of his lieutenants in a crowd and sent him away to do a little thing for an old political worker whose need had just come to his knowledge. That was Hanna.

The people have learned, too, that Mr. Hanna is a great man. His leadership in Ohio has been good for the State. The State herself has never in all her history been so prosperous in all her official relations.

The man who gets into office through Mr. Hanna's help must be a good public servant or get out of office. He uses his power well. And the people know that he is a brave man. Mr. Hanna never leaves anybody long in the dark as to his position on any public question. The politicians say that he is indiscreet at times. But the people like him for saying just what he means. Right or wrong, he tells you where he stands, and there you will find him till he has been convinced that he is wrong. And he can be convinced. Up to the time when he must act, no man is more open to conviction than he. Few men have as great a capacity for getting information as he, and he uses it to the utmost before he adopts a line of action. His reduction of the entire isthmian canal problem to definite propositions capable of categorical answers illustrated his method of getting at the truth of a matter.

But over and above all else, Hanna's power has grown in Ohio because the people have come to feel that they know him personally. During the past three or four years, he has addressed more people than any other political speaker in Ohio, and his simplicity, directness and power of speech have made him the most influential of all Republican speakers in Ohio. Without any of the arts of oratory, he gets close to his hearers, gains their confidence and leaves upon their minds an indelible memory of a great man who talked so plainly that they could not fail to understand, and so earnestly that they could scarcely doubt the truth of what he said. Unpretentious, yet dignified, serious, yet witty, commanding, yet homely, aggressive, yet tolerant, generous, loyal, human to the very core, he appeals more strongly to the minds and hearts of the people than any other man in Ohio.

Much has been said of Mr. Hanna's unpopularity



in his home city, Cleveland. Indeed, in the recent election, there were very few people who really expected that he would carry the city. Mr. Hanna was for many years the head of one of the street railway systems of the city, which came to him by inheritance, and which he developed from a very poor horse-car line into a first-class electric system. During recent years, the street railway question has been acute in Cleveland, and Mr. Hanna's private interests have subjected him to much political antagonism and difficulty. It was this controversy which opened the way for the election of Mr. Tom L. Johnson as Mayor of Cleveland. Mr. Hanna has, however, given up his street railway presidency, and present indications are that the entire matter will be settled in some way in the near future. The city, which has defeated most of the local candidates for office who were supposed to be friendly to Mr. Hanna, gave to Mr. Hanna himself a splendid majority last fall, in the face of a majority of more than five thousand for Mr. Johnson in the spring.

The campaign of Mr. Johnson for Governor of Ohio, and especially his fight against Senator Hanna's re-election, were far more vigorous and promising than any campaign waged by the Democrats of Ohio in recent years. Mr. Johnson's platform contained planks which, taken by themselves, would command more support than any Democratic candidate in recent years has obtained in Ohio. Had Mr. Hanna been out of the fight, had the question of his personal endorsement and vindication been left out, the result

in Ohio would have been very different. Those Democrats who attribute the great proportions of the Republican victory to the prominence of Mr. Johnson in the campaign differ entirely from the Republicans who have managed campaigns in recent years. Had it not been for the tremendous fight put up by Mr. Johnson, Mr. Hanna's election would have been even more nearly unanimous than it was.

Now that Mr. Hanna has been returned to the Senate, all eyes in Ohio are turned toward the National Convention. It has been intimated that Senator Foraker would contest with Speaker Hanna the question of control of the next State convention. The hopelessness of such a contest is the best guaranty that it will not take place. Whatever Senator Foraker may accomplish must be done, not as opposition to Senator Hanna, but by way of support for President Roosevelt. Nobody knows better than Senator Hanna's friends that he is not, and has not been, a candidate for the Presidency, but it is the purpose of the Senator's friends to see that the delegation to the National Convention is made up of men who will not lend themselves to any scheme to hinder his nomination in case the party generally demands it. They do not propose to allow Senator Hanna to be put in any false light by factional opposition within the Ohio delegation. If Theodore Roosevelt does not prove available, Ohio wants Marcus A. Hanna nominated. But neither Senator Hanna nor his friends will put the slightest obstacle in the way of Roosevelt's nomination.

thing: don't interrupt when I'm speaking, please, for I may lose a point if you do. But when I stop to think, if any criticism occurs to you, let me have it."

He lit a fresh cigar himself and leaned back for a few moments collecting his thoughts. Hickory logs burned brilliantly behind the brass andirons, the pure flame pulsing a rich blue or green now and then from the driftwood that had been flung upon them.

"Here's the plot" began the author briskly. "It's true, too. I saw some of it work out and got more of it, piecemeal, from persons who knew the chief actors. My trouble now is to decide whether I'll use it as it is, or touch it up a bit, or, perhaps, a great deal. Of course I shall change it so that the originals will not be recognized in print. The characters are a Madame Fleury—we'll call her that; her daughter—we'll call her Lily; and a young man—well, he can be *The Young Man*. I shall have to get taking names for them, but I'm going to call the girl Lily, anyhow. Madame Fleury was a woman of the town. Some women are born bad, some achieve badness, and some have badness thrust upon them. Madame Fleury distinctly belonged to the third class. But she had it thrust on her just the same, and that is why I put it baldly at first.

"She was a handsome woman, comparatively young, and rather attractive. She owned a big house in a large Western city, and it was furnished with surprisingly good taste. She had books, pictures, tapestries, choice china, plate, and all that sort of thing. She was a fine musician, with a good voice. You see, she was a remarkable type. In her native France, in the radiant glow of youth and virtue, she must have been stunning. It makes it very likely that the key to her subsequent career was a Russian Grand Duke who figured in the earlier stories of her. Well, her house was a gambling one, where young fellows ruined themselves at cards. You see this story is not exactly 'for youths and maidens.'"

The secretary inclined his head slightly, without committing himself to any definite view, and the author went on.

"Madame Fleury had a daughter, who had spent her girlhood in a convent, and knew absolutely nothing of her mother's real character. The woman had been wise enough to select a convent in the extreme East—and the child grew to womanhood there. During the summers her mother took her to small watering places so remote from the usual haunts, there was not one chance in a thousand that any one would recognize her. People never did, or if they did they made no sign, and all went well until the girl was about sixteen, when she suddenly telegraphed that she was coming home, to the city where her mother lived, and which she herself had never been permitted to visit. 'By the time this reaches you,' she wired, 'I shall be on the train.' That meant that she would reach 'home' in two days.

"Madame Fleury was a woman quick to think and act. Nothing could stop Lily now. It therefore behooved her to be ready for this dutiful visit. She went at once to the office of a real estate man whom she knew, and told him of her predicament. He helped her out. He rented to her for one week a fine house, handsomely furnished, in the suburbs of the city, and Madame Fleury spent the next two days getting bric-a-brac, books, pictures and all that into the place, to give it an air of being occupied.

"You can imagine that she had her hands full, but she was equal to the occasion, and when the train from New York steamed into the station Madame Fleury was there to greet her daughter. She took the girl to the house, and suddenly succumbed to an attack of illness, so exhausting in its nature that she could neither go out nor receive guests. Lily, who loved

## A Collaboration

By Elizabeth G. Jordan

THE author leaned back comfortably in his easy chair and looked at the young man. He was a young man himself, but a pre-eminently successful one—so recently successful, too, that the fine flavor of his own greatness was still deliciously fresh on his tongue. He would have been more than human had he remained wholly unspoiled by the popular clamor over his short stories and the remarkable sale of his first novel, now in its three-hundredth thousand. As it was, he was very human, hence slightly spoiled; but still young—so young that he had adopted a few mannerisms as fitting accompaniments of acknowledged genius. He narrowed his eyes now, for instance, which he would not have done last year, and looked at his caller through an effective fringe of brown lashes.

"Yes," he said incisively, "I want a secretary, but I'm afraid I require a little more of one than usual. I need a man who can answer my letters, talk to my publishers, look after my manuscripts, take dictation, if I ever can learn to dictate"—this with modest insinuation of the irksomeness of such restraint—"look up all sorts of things for me, and—er—make himself generally useful. That, of course, I presume you are prepared to do?" he concluded interrogatively.

The applicant for this responsible post smiled slightly as he quietly replied: "Quite. I'll do my best, and, of course, if I don't suit you can pack me off." He hesitated a moment. "I admire your work tremendously," he added, "and shall be proud to have even a secretary's small part in it."

The author smiled back with appreciation. The strong attraction he had felt in this quiet young man at the start was not weakened by his remark.

"Then we'll call it a bargain," he said cordially.

"You've encouraged me to tell you what I consider the most important of your duties. My secretary must listen to my plots! I cannot write a line until I have the whole thing in my head, and I cannot get it properly shaped in my head until I've talked it over with some one I'm sure I'm not boring—or at least," he added quickly, "somebody whose attention I have a right to expect. As I talk my ideas shape themselves, my plot develops, my characters begin to get their cues—and *voilà!* the story is ready to write."

The eyes of the secretary took on a sudden gleam of interest. They were sombre eyes, and the expression of his striking face was very serious. The brown hair over his temples, too, was powdered with white, and there were lines in his forehead which suggested strong chapters in his duodecimo volume of life.

"I think I can promise to be an attentive auditor," he remarked. "The terms I mentioned in my reply to your note are, I suppose, satisfactory?"

The author was regarding him in an absent-minded manner.

"Oh, yes, yes," he said hastily, "I am willing to give you what you want if you can do what I want. I wish," he continued slowly, "that you could begin right away. I've been wasting this morning trying to put a half-digested thing on paper, and if you could stay and let me tell you the facts—"

Mr. Mardenredd, who had risen with the idea that the interview was over, resumed his chair and attentive manner as the first act of his secretaryship.

The author, charmed by the mute eloquence of this simple act, clapped him boyishly on the shoulder.

"Good," he said buoyantly. "Take that big chair near the fire and light a cigar. I'm willing to have my victims made as comfortable as possible. One



her mother ardently, spent the week in affectionate attendance on her in the sick room; and at the end of it, as Madame's condition urgently required change of climate, the two went off to a remote resort—and that danger was over. The episode shows the length to which she would go for her child.

"One year later Lily left the convent. This meant a mighty problem for Madame Fleury, but she had pondered it well, and was ready with her solution when the time came. She turned her house over to a manager, and prepared for an absence of two years. Then she went to the Eastern convent and attended the graduation exercises of her daughter—saw her get her diploma. Lily was a beauty by this time—tall and slender, and with the most exquisitely pure face. She must have looked like a lily as she stood in her white gown among the palms and ferns banked on the stage in the great exhibition hall. She was the bright star of the occasion, for she had the valedictory, and she sang and played first violin in the orchestra, and did it wonderfully well; while down among the audience, Madame Fleury, in her rich, but severe costume of black silk, sat and gazed with her soul in her eyes at this idol of hers—this one thing in her life that was clean. She adored the girl—my story will show that if it shows nothing else; but it must show other things, too, and there's the rub."

The author paused a moment. Perhaps he expected a remark from his auditor, but the young man remained silent, his eyes fixed on the cheery fire. The author felt that he was thoroughly attentive, however, and, he thought, interested.

"After the graduation exercises," he resumed, "Madame Fleury had a brief interview with the Superior and the nuns with whom her daughter had lived so long, and told them she intended to take her child abroad for two years of travel, and that they were to sail the following Saturday. She regarded with sweet maternal sympathy Lily's parting with her classmates and the nuns; she saw her folded in the arms of the sisters, and she herself kissed some of Lily's special friends, because her instinct told her the girl would be pleased by that demonstration. She became also almost friendly with their mothers. She was in the convent two days, and in that time seemed, in a way, to wash herself clean. She had flung the past behind her—for a time, at least; she was on the edge of a life as new to her as to her daughter, and it was well that before plunging into this unknown phase of things, before stepping from the shadow of a *declassée* into the sunshine of the respectable, she should have the preparation of those days in the cool silence of the cloister. Her thoughts during that time must have been strange ones. I must work that up in the story.

The author lit a fresh cigar. He wondered whether it would do to tell the secretary that he didn't mind if he made occasional comments. But he went on.

"They sailed; and as this is not a chronicle of a *jeune fille's* first pilgrimage abroad, we'll cut that part of it out. They saw things, of course, as they drifted about for the greater part of two years in a quiet and exceedingly conventional fashion. But there was just one object in Europe of which Madame Fleury was in search—and that was the right husband for her daughter. It was he she had come there expressly to find, and every man they met was searched to his very soul by those worldly eyes that had seen so much of life and—men. They met quantities of them, for Lily was charming, and the pair radiated culture, breeding, and wealth. Madame Fleury was playing her supreme role on life's stage, and she played it magnificently. I met them during that time, and not until years afterwards did I have an inkling of the truth about them. When a man who was not the

right man seemed to interest Lily ((and it was easy for 'most any man to interest her, for she was full of romance) the Fleurys suddenly disappeared. It was not done crudely, as you may imagine. Some interesting expedition presented itself, or a remote corner of Europe took on new interest, or a standing invitation was recalled. Lily suspected nothing; instead, she promptly forgot, for she was young, and there were other men in the near foreground. This was the situation when the two, after twenty months of wandering, found themselves in the Island of Rugen and, one day, in the presence of a new young man."

The new secretary straightened himself, and pulled down his waistcoat. He also crossed his legs. It was something. He evidently recognized the entrance of *The Young Man*.

"He was a good enough fellow, I believe," continued the author, a trifle patronizingly—"excellent family, Oxford, Heidelberg, and all the world after that. He was handsome, too, I'm told, and he swept the girl off her feet. He fell deeply in love with Lily, and the sojourn on the Island of Rugen was prolonged. The lovers made their marvelous discoveries of beauties in life hitherto unsuspected, and as they called each other's attention to these things Madame Fleury looked on. *The Young Man* was wise enough to cultivate her as well as her daughter. But it was not necessary. Her motive was too utterly unselfish. She decided that he would do. He was poor, but that was rather a good point. She had turned the searchlight of her investigations on his past, and she found no dark corners. He was all right. He was the man she had scoured Europe to find.

"When *The Young Man* asked Madame Fleury for Lily she had a long talk with him. She told him the whole story, not sparing herself in the least, and at the end she made him a proposition. She asked him to hear it through before he answered it.

"You may marry my daughter," she said, "on one condition—that you and she never return to America. You must make your home here for the remainder of your lives. The day before your marriage I will turn over to her about seventy thousand dollars in stocks and bonds. The day after your marriage I will sail for America. For a few months I will write to my daughter; but within a year she will receive a cable that I am dead—and so far as she shall ever know I will be dead from that time forth. But I shall wish to know how it is with her, and at intervals, perhaps two or three times a year, I would like you to write me of her. Do you agree, my friend?"

"*The Young Man* agreed. He was probably touched; he certainly ought to have been by that magnificent, unselfish devotion—by the true mother looming so grandly out of the wreck of the woman. He agreed, and everything was done as Madame Fleury had arranged. They were married, she sailed for America, and the husband and wife went to Spain on their honeymoon. The parting from her mother was the only suffering the daughter's life had known; but she got over it with the sublime selfishness of youth and love. Her husband was with her—what else mattered? Madame Fleury had, naturally, not quite the same point of view. I can see the chance for good work on what that parting—that final parting—meant to her. She left her daughter to her honeymoon among the jasmine and the nightingales, and she returned to her old life! What else could she do when she had converted everything she possessed into money and given it to her child? She went back a broken-hearted woman, a poor woman, no longer young, to the life she had learned to loathe; but the lovers in Spain were happy."

The secretary's cigar had gone out. He leaned

forward, tossed it into the flames, and accepted another courteously offered by the author.

"From this point in the tale," resumed the latter with a slight importance, "Fate advances on my character like the Hellenic Nemesis. Madame Fleury found when she returned to her old haunts that, even in two years, she had been forgotten. Her one friend had died, and others had systematically robbed her right and left. She struggled on, making a brave fight, but life and fate and a broken heart were too much for her. She developed an incurable disease and died by inches, sinking deeper and deeper into poverty, pain, and misery. It took years to bring all this about, but it came slowly and implacably, and she never moaned. She had kept her bargain to the letter. Eleven months after her return to America she had sent the promised cable announcing her death. Lily had cried passionately and drooped for a few weeks; but she got over it, for her husband was still the lover, and now her one stay, with her mother dead, as she thought, thousands of miles away. So, when the years had brought poverty and suffering to Madame Fleury she was helpless and alone; she could not appeal to her only child, even had she wished to, in her sore need. For *The Young Man* had not kept his part of the bargain as well as she kept hers. After the first two years he never wrote her; and at the last, added to her physical suffering she had the mental agony of not knowing whether her daughter, for whom she had sacrificed so much, was ill or well, happy or miserable, alive or dead.

"One old negro servant stayed with her to the end. Long after her death, when it was too late to help, I met this old creature, and heard from her the story of those last days; and grim enough it was, with its bleak background of tenement, and the dying woman praying to the last that she might know of her child before she went, that she could not leave the world with Lily in it, alone or unhappy. They had not enough to eat—she and the old negress. Then fate showed its ingenuity by adding a final touch to the tragedy; for one day, when the negress was out for a few moments (begging, she afterwards told me), the pain, perhaps, was too great for endurance, or possibly there came a moment of insanity. Anyhow, Madame Fleury closed the chapter, and thrust herself out of a world on the other side of which, all unsuspecting, lived the child she loved. The last thing she was ever heard to say was very characteristic—a fitting finale, I thought—for it was this: she whispered to the old negress during the day, 'I would do it all over again, a hundred times, if I could know for just one instant at the last that she is alive and happy.' And then she added, 'Of one thing, thank God, I am sure. Wherever she is, she is good—my baby, my white flower, my Lily. And if she is that, she cannot be all unhappy. I am content.'"

The author stopped again and lit a fresh cigar. His face was flushed, and all his little mannerisms had dropped from him, as conventionalities flit in moments of excitement. He was in earnest, and deeply interested in his story. His secretary had bent forward in his chair and was staring at the fire with sombre eyes.

"That was the end of Madame Fleury," resumed the author more quietly. "And unfortunately, it is the end of the story as far as my knowledge goes. For I have not the faintest idea of what became of the girl. She was never heard of, on this side, after her marriage. I dare say she is leading a peaceful existence in the sunny content of some English home. But I can't present her with four babies, two dogs and a tea-basket, and end the story that way. It must have a fitting climax, and what that is to be I can't decide. Several things have suggested themselves, but I don't fancy them."



"How would this appeal to you?" asked the secretary. He went on slowly, his gaze still bent on the fire:

"You left the lovers in Spain. They have an ideal honeymoon there. But even during those weeks of youth and love and jasmine and nightingale and tinkling mandolin *The Young Man* begins to remark a strange restlessness in the girl he has married. He does not like it, nor understand it, but he tries to think it is the natural exuberance of the convent girl, housed in a cloister all her life, and then suddenly brought face to face with a new and fascinating world. He has no doubt that she loves him, and the expressions of her restlessness are harmless enough in the beginning. He loves her enough to watch her pretty closely, and he thinks she will soon get used to her new freedom and independence, and quiet down. So he almost enjoys the energy she shows in looking for excitement.

"Let him adore her and gratify all her whims, taking her from place to place as her caprice may choose. Before they have been married a year he learns that excitement is the breath of life to her—that she must have new experiences, new friends, new sensations. He gets alarmed as he realizes that the fault is not in the girl as much as in her parents—in the temperament of her mother, who had only one redeeming quality, and in the temperament of her unknown father, who quite possibly had not one. He begins to feel that he has married a victim of heredity. Not all the care in her bringing up, not all the years in that quiet convent, have eradicated the scarlet germs of her parentage. Sometimes he sees the devil himself look out of the eyes he loves."

"That's good," said the author. "Go ahead."

"Picture her gradual reversion to hereditary types," continued the secretary. "At first only mild bohemianism, little parties, a little champagne. Later, larger parties and more champagne. Of course he does what he can, but he sees the impotence of moral suasion in the face of her native trend. He discovers that she deceives him and lies to him. He cannot let her go to these things alone, but he sees that she and her friends are openly bored by his presence. If you want a few strong touches of mental agony in your tale, write of him—tell what he goes through in these awful nights and days, these hideous weeks and months and years. His friends fall away from him because he will not fall away from his wife. They think he is willingly, viciously sharing this life which he loathes. Given all this, any one can see that the moment comes when he cannot, in self-respect, have any relations with her. The mother, lost through love, retained in her fall the beauty of womanly tenderness and noble sacrifice. The daughter has no redeeming trait. He settles money on her—what little they have left—and leaves her. Could he write of these things to her mother? Here is a reason for his breaking his promise.

"From time to time he hears from her—always the center of some new and characteristically horrible bit of devilishness. As the money goes and the pace begins to tell, let her drift from Paris to Vienna, to Budapest, to Berlin, to London, and back again to Paris, blazing a trail of scandal as she goes. She has the one decent impulse of dropping his name. But he knows the assumed one she trails through the filth of Europe.

"Back to Paris, the Lily disports a year at the *Jardin de Paris*, and later in the coarser whirl of the *Moulin Rouge*. Let him see her there some night, when he is taking a party of English friends through it on a sight-seeing expedition. There can be an English girl in the party—a sweet woman who has no

right to be there even on that innocent little tour of inspection. She is on his arm, and he is very glad to feel her leaning on him. A man may love twice, and the ruin of his first may lend strength to his second love. They stop to look at the dancing; one doesn't want to look at it long, even if he is a man and hasn't a good woman with him. Suddenly something twitches his other arm—a hideous thing, all skin and bone and paint and fever, and cheap, ghastly finery. It is his wife. She smirks at him, like the lost soul she is. He recoils so that her brazen shame feels it, and she drifts back into the crowd. The Englishwoman recoils from him. Shall we say that she was in love with him? Perhaps she was, but she got over it when she saw the look of understanding between those two that told of a past."

"Um-m," murmured the author doubtfully.

"Two weeks later a letter comes one morning, badly written, smelling of cheap scent, and grimy about the edges. It tells him his wife is ill at a given address in the *Quartier*, and it is signed with a name he doesn't know. He goes there and finds her. She is not in such straits as you said her mother was. Her woman friends are doing what they can for her. The room is clean, and she has actual necessities. It may be some slight comfort to her, however, to have him take charge of her. He gets another doctor and a nurse, and he rents a room across the hall to be within reach. He spends most of his time there, and she takes it quite as a matter of course that he should. She never speaks of the past, and an odd sort of new life begins between them, in that little room, where she lies dying. He reads to her a good deal, and she seems to like to have him around. When other men come to inquire how she is, they are sent away; but when women come she says, 'Let them come in and learn something from it if they can.' They come, but I doubt if they learn much. They have seen it all too often before. He and the doctor and nurse are the only ones with her at the last, and it is just as well.

"Late one afternoon he is standing at the window

of her room looking out, when the nurse calls him. He goes to the bed, and his wife motions to him to take her hand. He sits down and holds it. He knows at once that she is dying. She looks up at him with an expression in her eyes that he had seen sometimes in those first weeks in Spain, years ago—the expression they took on when she had hurt him and was sorry. He has never seen it since then, until this afternoon. She signs to him to bend over her.

"You are good," she says. "I am sorry I ruined your life—and my own. But you never understood me. No man could. Only one person in the world might have saved me—my mother. If she had lived and been with me, so I could see her fineness and her faith in me, I think I should have lived and died a good woman."

"Her dying faith in Madame Fleury corresponds, you see, to her mother's in her. In all the horrible lessons of those degrading years she has never learned to suspect her mother. She died an hour later."

The secretary stopped abruptly; he seemed unconscious of the sudden change of tense in his last sentence. He seemed almost unconscious of the presence of his employer, who had drawn his notebook from his desk and was turning the leaves, flushing darkly as he did so. As the other lapsed into silence, the author spoke impulsively.

"Forgive me," he said. "It was stupid of me not to have recalled your name. Life writes stranger stories than fiction dares. I must have hurt you, but it was unconsciously, you know."

He offered his hand, which *The Young Man* grasped in silence.

The author hesitated a moment. His lips were set, but there was a softer expression in his eyes, and he spoke with perfect simplicity and feeling.

"Of course," he said, "I shall not write the story. But you may imagine how deeply I feel your end of it when I tell you I might have played your role, only that Madame Fleury found me—wanting!"

From the *Book-Lover*.

## The Increased Cost of Living

By Mrs. Cook

PEOPLE of slender means are always sensitive to the increase or the decrease of their household expenses. The peculiarity of the present moment is that people of comfortable incomes are viewing with apprehension the increased cost of living.

This is, in this city, so housekeepers declare, at least one-third greater than two years ago, the manner of living remaining the same. For those with fixed incomes, and for those who have a perennial struggle to make both ends meet, the situation causes anxiety.

A woman who carries her housekeeping to the point of a profession has the records of her household expenses for a period of ten years. A comparison of these records affords proof that the cost of living has greatly increased. It is within the last five years that the greatest change is observed.

It 1899, for example, in a household conducted on most economical principles the weekly bill for food alone ranged from \$19 to \$22. In the same household the weekly bills now run from \$45 to \$50 weekly.

So far as the family is responsible, it can only be pleaded that the three children are four years older, and presumably eat more.

Lamb that in 1899 cost 12 cents a pound now costs

16 cents. There is a record of forequarter of lamb and eight kidneys costing \$1.29 in 1899 and another dated January 14, 1903, of the same weight and without the kidneys, costing \$1.52.

Turkeys that four years ago could be bought for 15 cents a pound are now 25 cents. The difference in the price of chicken is proportionately greater. In fact, turkey proves to be the cheapest of all meats, since every atom can be utilized, even to the cracking of the bones for soup.

The prices of beef have not materially changed since the rise after the Beef Trust was formed. Beef roast at 18 cents, round at 18, sirloin 20 and porterhouse steak at 25 cents have ruled for some time.

Pork has gone kiting. Four years ago pork tenderloin could be bought for 10 cents a pound. To-day it costs 25 cents.

Sausages have almost kept step with the tenderloin, while spareribs, the darkies' delight, are now expensive enough for white folks. Veal cutlets are now 25 cents, as against 16 cents in 1899.

To glance once more at the record, it appears that in 1899 three broilers were purchased for 97 cents.



## The Mirror

Last week three broilers cost \$1.50. These prices all refer to January.

There are not such differences in the prices of game. But as game is in a sense a luxury, the prices are not of so much consequence.

Canned goods show the same increase in price. The best canned corn in 1899 was 10 and 12 cents. To-day the best corn is 18 cents, and succotash 20 cents.

Speculative grocers are now storing canned corn for a further rise. One who last year bought several boxes of corn for 70 cents resold it to the man he bought it from for \$1.15. He has now a number of boxes held for a greater rise.

Peas, asparagus and string beans have increased correspondingly. Tomatoes, once a drug at 8 cents, are now 12 and 15 cents.

Of course these prices are for the better sorts of canned goods. The increases in these prices are perhaps trifling sums, but in the aggregate they have their own tale to tell in swelling the weekly bills.

Against butter at 21 cents in 1899 is butter at 29

cents to-day. The only practicable eggs for cooking purposes to-day cost 42 cents a dozen, while eggs intended for eating cost 50 and 60 cents. For most people the price is prohibitory.

There is not so great a difference in the prices of fruits, with the exception of apples. Eating apples have become among the most expensive fruits in the market.

In 1888 a barrel of Spitzenbergs cost from \$3 to \$3.50. In 1899 the price was from \$4 to \$5. To-day the price is from \$5 to \$6. Bought at retail, table apples are 4 and 5 cents apiece.

Oranges and lemons have both gone up in price, but neither soar like the apples. In vegetables apples are rivaled by the onion, which has come to distinguish itself, and is one of the best paying crops the farmer or market gardener can raise. All green vegetables have gone up in price, even such humble vegetables as turnips and carrots.

A barrel of flour in 1888 cost from \$3 to \$3.50. In 1899 it cost from \$3.90 to \$4. To-day the same

brands cost from \$5 to \$5.20. The price of bread does not change accordingly, but the weight does.

The only things that console the housekeeper are the prices of sugar, tea and coffee, none of which costs so much as in 1899. Kerosene, however, is at least 5 cents a gallon higher. This increase has come with particular severity on the poor, who cannot afford gas and use kerosene for both cooking and lighting.

The greatest increase is in rents. But as to rents there is an option. If one cannot afford a high-priced neighborhood, one can move to a lower-priced area. Such sacrifices may be disagreeable, but they can be made, if reduction of expenses is imperative.

Such liberty cannot be taken with one's food. If Little Mary would only contract when high prices prevail it would show a nice and praiseworthy sense of the propriety of adapting itself to circumstances and environment. Unhappily, this is not the case. That impetuous and insistent organ will demand its daily grist.

## Publicity in the Affairs of Corporations

By Francis A. House

**P**RESIDENT HAVEMEYER, of the American Sugar Refining Company, does not believe in publicity. He does not care a fig for the Rooseveltian crusade against corporate "blind-pools;" nor does he fear the somewhat innocuous efforts of the recently created Department of Labor and Commerce to justify its *raison d'être*. Havemeyer is a practical man of affairs; no empty, unprofitable theories for him. The other day, he declared that he would not give shareholders any more definite information in relation to his company's affairs and finances, unless they should ask for it *in corpore*. Havemeyer is right. Why should any stockholder get the silly notion into his head to know something about the financial position of the concern? Does he not give regular quarterly dividends?

A *bas* publicity! Roosevelt, Cortelyou *et al.* to the contrary notwithstanding. Publicity, Havemeyer thinks, does not work in practice, much as it may be a desideratum from the theorist's standpoint. It is not in accord with Havemeyer's conceptions of high-handed stock-jobbing. What its advocates have of recent times been saying is food only for babes and sucklings. If the theorists had their way, and the affairs of every interstate corporation in the United States were given to the public, what would become of the stock exchange and the multifarious large and little cliques and "pools" who earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brow by manipulating stocks the value of which is as metaphysical as Kant's "*Ding an sich*?"

That the United States Steel Corporation thought fit from the beginning of its tempestuous career to diverge from Havemeyerism by keeping its stockholders *au fait* relative to its affairs does by no means furnish grist for the theorists' mill. Havemeyer has his own ideas about the past policy of the Steel Trust. He has learned a few tricks in his official capacity. The United States Steel Corporation condescended to keep shareholders enlightened solely for speculative reasons. Its "insiders" had carloads of securities to sell, and could accomplish their purposes successfully only by shrewdly courting the confidence of the public.

If Havemeyer's sordidly practical diagnosis of the interesting case is correct, then the shareholders of the Steel Trust, now that "insiders" have worked their game, should soon be accorded a sort of treatment from headquarters strictly in line with Havemeyer's pet principles.

However, it does seem as if the doctrinaires might yet prevail in their active propaganda. Public sentiment in this country is rapidly veering around in their direction. Speculative developments of the past year have forcibly demonstrated the urgency of the introduction of publicity in the management of corporations. The very fact that the shareholders' list of the Steel Trust contains the names of more than thirty thousand large and small investors proves how eagerly money will be invested in the bonds and shares of companies whose directorates take the public into their confidence. No matter what Havemeyer and his school may say or believe, publicity is the thing which the people will yet force the Government to demand and to establish.

Investment capital is fast increasing in the United States, faster, indeed, than in any other country in the world, France not excepted. This capital seeks investment in securities offering remunerative return. The supply of Government, State and municipal securities being necessarily limited and selling at prohibitive prices, and railroad building and financing no longer upon a grand scale, the investor should and will, from now on, be driven more and more to the industrial securities. But how can he be expected to have faith in issues of this class when, in the great majority of instances, managements still make it a point to shut off the public from all sources of knowledge essential to the formation of reliable judgment upon intrinsic values, growth of business and character and capability of officials?

To sum up: Publicity in corporate affairs will and must be had. It is demanded by the very trend of things. And when it has been established, when National and State authorities have been empowered to ask corporations for information, and, indirectly, to superintend their management, when the people's savings have been put into industrial securities, shall we

not then have as close an approach to Socialism as our form of government openly or impliedly sanctions?



## Methodist Discipline Revision

**P**REPARATORY to the Methodist General Conference, next spring, at Los Angeles, the Methodist ministers are disputing over the proposed changes in their Book of Discipline. The present rules of their organization prohibit church members from dancing, playing cards, and going to the theaters. The Methodists who favor a change say that these particular interdictions are obsolete and are no longer respected; that the pleasures they prohibit are quite innocent, and enjoyed without scruple in these days by decent and pious people both in and out of the Methodist fold. They want the rules annulled. But the Moss-back Methodists say, "Not so! If you take all the starch out of the Methodist garment, it will collapse."

Methodists nowadays include their due proportion of people of means and social standing, who live like their decent neighbors, and are much more disposed, and with reason, to regulate the details of their social conduct by their own judgment than by archaic rules. Like other people, they see in cards a resource for old age, and in dancing, a seemingly exercise for the young, and they go to the theater when they hear of a good play. Our Methodist brethren should abate their old rules, and cease to impute sinfulness to acts which are not sinful. Their catalogue of sins needs modernizing. They should elide from it the details of conduct mentioned, and substitute in their place some brisk, modern, sinful sins, that it is worth while to keep contemporary professors from committing. If the new Book of Discipline should forbid the purchase of stocks on a margin, it would at least hit at a practice which is vastly popular, and has huge possibilities of mischief in it. The sins that need most attention here and now are the sins of greed and violence; stock-watering, "promoting," bribing and all the get-something-for-nothing devices on one side; lynching, blackmailing and the various labor-union crimes on the other.—From *New York Life*.



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## The White Frog

By Belle Kant

TERECITA smiled into the careless blue eyes of her lover, glorying for the hundredth time in his height, his broad shoulders, the light hair above his sun-tanned face. Good right had he to be brown, she knew; for Will Jansen, sergeant in the crack company of the Fifteenth, stationed in the camp behind the school-house, had seen three years of service beneath the tropical sun of China and the Philippines, before he had been transferred at last to Monterey—there to win the love, and in due time the consent of mother and priest to marriage, of this child of the little town, who knew naught of life beyond its limits and those of her simple, religiously-ordered girlhood.

They came along in the twilight where the road behind San Carlos Mission sinks into a hollow, past the squirrel-burrowed adobe slopes on the one side and the browning meadow on the other. Off in the distance the Monterey hills, their pines against the sky hooded with the mists of the coming evening, loomed dark and still and far. Nearer by, a hillock, yellow-heaped with hay, having relinquished the last rays of Californian sunlight, shaded harmoniously into the subdued tones of the night.

Terecita stopped now, at the edge of the swamp lake. It lay like a time-stained mirror, just a little this side of the cemetery with its group of bowing oaks—gray friars stilled for the Angelus. Patches of green scum spread raggedly over it, waving mustard girdled its uneven shores, and only the frogs which dotted its edges with their brown bodies, and the sandpipers, which spun round and round on its surface, disturbed it.

Terecita, watching the birds, clapped her hands and laughed with a child's enjoyment when they rose, circled a few time about in the air, then settled again on the lake a bit farther from the shore.

"Oh, Will, aren't they little fools?" she cried. "They're almost as bad as I was, when I was a little girl at the convent and used to whirl about till I was so dizzy I couldn't stand up."

Jansen looked admiringly at her pretty rounded face, the heavy braids of soot-black hair bound about her small head, and into the depths of her dark eyes. Each of her dainty gestures pleased him, and he lazily

delighted in the animation that made her face sparkle.

"Go on, Teress," he teased. "Tell about the time you changed veils with Mariquita Castro, and wore her old cotton one to your first communion."

"My mother told you that?" Terecita flushed hotly before his deriding smile and the shallow blue eyes that watched her through half-closed lids. "She should not have. I was only so little then, and poor Mariquita so tall that her veil did not cover the place where her belt had slipped."

She ceased, and stared down into the stagnant pool at her feet. Myriads of tadpoles darted hither and you, and among them gleamed a pale bit of color. She threw a pebble at it and the frogs leaped wildly for shelter.

"Oh, look, look!" she exclaimed. "See over there by the rock! It's white, Will—a white frog! Different from all the rest—different from any frog I've ever seen!"

Jansen did not answer. His face had gone gray, but it darkened to crimson as she repeated wonderingly,

"A white frog!"

He bit his lips in an attempt at composure, then burst out fiercely:

"Don't say that, Terecita. Never say it again! How—how should you know?" The girl's frightened gaze recalled him. "Oh, don't be scared! Only it reminded me of something—your saying that."

He smiled at her troubled eyes, but the muscles of his face seemed stiff and mechanical.

"Let's go back into town. It's getting cold out here. We'll stop at the post-office and see if the mail is distributed. I—I promise I won't be such a fool again."

He talked on lightly for a few minutes, calling her "darling," which he knew she loved better than any of the Spanish endearments; till he saw he had reassured her, though a shade still rested in her eyes, and his own hand trembled as he helped her over the road.

The cool, dark, night air, odorous with the mingled scents of the June roses blooming on the white-washed adobe walls, the salt breeze from the ocean, the pine breath from the hills, and the wood smoke

that still curled languidly from the village chimneys, gathered pungency as Jansen and Terecita passed the dwellings. The electric lights gleaming over the saloons and from the larger stores lit the sidewalks but spottily, for kerosene lamps still held away in the humbler shops. Soldiers, slender privates from the infantry camp on the hill, sallow with long exposure to tropic suns and fevers, the negro cavalymen stalwart in khaki, strolled down the short street toward its ending at the fishermen's wharf.

The postoffice was deserted, and the mail clerk's window closed. As Jansen unlocked his box, a tall Chinese clattered in from a large covered wagon that had stopped in the street a moment before—Lun Wok, the wealthiest fisherman in Chinatown, newly returned from a trip to his fatherland. Terecita had known him since she was a child, as had, indeed, every boy and girl in Monterey; for, with indiscriminating generosity, he presented them at each Chinese New Year with parcels of Oriental sweetmeats. She greeted him now, and, delighted with her notice, he began to tell of his voyage, the joy of his parents at seeing him, and the treasures he had brought back.

"Oh, come on, Teress!" Jansen fidgeted.

She turned to go, calling back to Lun Wok, "I'll come out some day with my mother. Then you may show us the embroidered gowns and the carved ebony chairs."

A Chinese woman seated in the back of his wagon stared after them. The light from a shop window lit Jansen's face for a moment, and she started to her feet, calling out, "Jance! Bill Jance!"

They had gone some yards down the street, and he was listening, deeply interested, to Terecita, but he started at the cry and twisted sharply about. The woman had sunk again into the dusk of the wagon, and Lun Wok was whipping up his horses.

Several days later, having made their way through the fishing village, Terecita and her mother knocked at the door of Lun Wok's weather-beaten shack. The older woman, her dark, fine featured Castilian face eager with desire to see the Chinese silks and embroideries, waited impatiently while a heavy step crossed the room to the window. They heard Wok, within, give a gruff command, which was followed by the shrill expostulation of a woman. When he opened the door, however, the room was empty, and he welcomed his visitors with courteous bows and smiles. Soon the place was gay with Oriental raiment, pulled from dark chests and wooden cases.

## The Mirror

"You likee see furniture?" Wok asked; "I keep over in Tom Won's store."

Terecita had garbed herself in a richly-worked robe, and stood with a yellow scarf draped mantilla-like over her hair. "I don't want to go, Wok," she said. "Will you let me stay here and try on some more of these lovely things?"

He assented, and her mother followed him from the room, saying rebukingly, "Terecita, you are still a child and care more for doll clothes, such as these, than for the embroidered linens I shall buy from Wok for your wedding outfit."

In a corner of the room, the incense-stick that burned before the household shrine sent a thread of blue smoke upward. Terecita had lain aside the darker garments, and now touched with caressing fingers the fairest of all, a silken robe white as the spray that dashed on the sea-worn rocks below Wok's cabin. "It might be a marriage gown," she whispered reverentially. "So pure, so beautiful—"

A door at the side opened softly. A Chinese woman peered from it curiously at Terecita, smiled cunningly, and came forward.

"Me fool Wok," she said. "Him say I no let you see me. I stay here now, be his wife."

"But where is his other wife?" cried Terecita. "Where's Yung, who always lived here?"

"She die in China. Wok bling me to this countlee with her stificate. Get in al' light that way." The woman grinned. "Me know how speak Englis'," she continued. "White man tell me how. Him soldier—here now, too. See um other night."

Terecita looked at her with vague uneasiness. The woman was young, with a certain comeliness, but her lips were painted and her eyes had a bold look that Yung's had never possessed. As a tiny whimper crept from a dark inner room, she swooned and the English-spoken oath seemed doubly foul upon her lips.

"You want see kid?" she asked, leering at the girl. "All time cly like that. Wok hate um, say um no good."

From a back room she brought a child of perhaps two years, handling him roughly with none of a mother's love apparent in her movements. She thrust the child close before Terecita. Unwittingly the girl put up her hand as if to ward off a blow. Then, as she looked, she sank gasping to her seat, her eyes widening with horror.

The baby, quieted now, lay watching a bit of scarlet paper on the wall. Its face, repulsive and masklike, had features flat and Chinese. But the skin that covered it was of a transparent, dead whiteness, the traceries of the veins showed in the temples,

and blue, shallow eyes shone through its half-closed lids.

"White baby!" the woman went on. "Got white father. Him name—"

"Don't!" Terecita cried. "Don't tell me his name." Again she looked fearfully at the child's eyes, and they but added conviction to the thought that had of a sudden made her face old. "It can't be! I mustn't think it!" she moaned to herself. "Oh, why need they be so like—"

"Why you no want to know his name?" The woman grinned. "Maybe you see him. Him here in Mont'ley. Him hate kid too, call um 'White Flog.'"

Wok's voice was heard outside, and she shuffled hastily back with her child. Terecita lifted a crepe shawl and mechanically folded it, smoothing it into its accustomed creases. Her eyes were wide and strained, and, as her mother called to her from the outside, she blindly rose and followed the voice, though the words carried no import to her mind, filled as it was with one image—a white, flat, Chinese, child's face, lit by Will Jansen's shallow blue eyes.

As that day went by, and the next, Terecita, praying for guidance, refused to see Jansen, who anxiously called and questioned her mother, who was as ignorant as himself of what had disturbed the girl. And Terecita, to her piteous plea for help, received but one answer—that the Chinese woman was the mother of her lover's son, and therefore his wife in the sight of God. Her innocent, Catholic-trained mind could conceive of no other explanation, and she shuddered as she thought of what she would have been had not the truth been made known to her. Then her tortured heart, overflowing at thought of his smile, his great handsome body, his every turn and posture, made her start rebelliously to her feet, declaring that she could not give him up.

At last, on the third morning of her struggle, she went wearily to the Mission, to Padre Martine, who had been her confessor since her first communion. When she came forth from the little church, a new peace had settled on her face, though girlhood had left it forever. She walked slowly home through the sunny street, her small head bent in prayer.

A boy riding bareback passed her and cried back, "Did you know Chinatown burnt up last night? I'm goin' out there now."

Terecita stopped for a moment, dazed. Chinatown burnt! And his child was in Chinatown; perhaps it had been killed, perhaps it had been hurt. Everyone hated the little thing; not one would do aught to help it; all would be glad to see it die, even its mother. But it had Will's blue eyes; it was his baby after all! She broke into a halting run, moving

breathlessly toward the road that led to the Chinese village by the bay. Without thought, driven by sheer instinct, she turned from the dusty path into the shade offered by a low-bending clump of bushes. And here, with the child beside her, crouched the Chinese woman, staring sullenly out over the water. She began speaking excitedly at sight of Terecita.

"You hear about it? Wok's house burn up las' night. All whole street get burned. And Wok say um," she nodded to the child, "is 'hoodoo.' Kick me out, make me go 'way, say I can't come back long as I have kid. A—i—i!" Her tirade ended in a wail.

Terecita looked at the child, mutely shivering in the strong wind that blew shoreward. Its white face did not appear repulsive to her now, and her heart responded tenderly to the appeal in its blue eyes. She lifted it with whispered endearments, while its mother watched stolidly.

"I'll take the baby home with me," Terecita explained, her voice sounding curiously faint and far-away in her own ears. "You'll give it to me? I'll take good care of it."

The woman looked at her incredulously.

"You josh!" she said. "No want the kid!"

"Will you give it to me? I'll take good care of it," Terecita repeated.

The woman sprang to her feet. She was grinning now, her wanton face cleared of its sulky rage.

"Yes, keep!" she said rapidly, beginning to move down the shore, "I no want um back. Give me heap trouble, never no good."

Terecita carried the child back through the hill road into the town. Its weight was burdensome to her unaccustomed arm, but a great mother love, unleashed, beamed in her eyes, and she kissed the white Chinese face ravenously. The man had gone from her life forever, but his child already filled his place.

Jansen, coming face to face with them at a bend in the road, understood all. He shouted at the girl and angrily tried to take the child from her arm.

"Drop that trash, Terecita!" he commanded, "How did you find it? How did you know?"

"It is my baby now," she said quietly. "Its mother gave it to me. Will,—I can't be your wife now—never!—because—because of it. But you don't want the baby, she doesn't want it; and I am going to have it. It is mine—my child, do you hear? And its eyes—oh, it has your eyes!"

The man cowered before the love and anguish that filled her face.

"It's my little white frog," she ended, bending to shade the child which blinked in the sunlight. "My own little white frog!"

*From Out West.*

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SOCIETY

The interesting ceremony of last Saturday night was the opening of the ball room of the Woman's Club. In the disposition of colors, pink, gold and ivory, for wall decoration and stucco work, Mrs. Thomas K. Niedringhaus has immortalized her exquisite taste. The period of Louis Quinze, in modern modification, is used in the arrangement of architecture, paneling and furnishing. Quite near the love-knotted, daintily frescoed ceiling the musicians are stationed on a balcony which hides them almost completely. Not even in New York is there a ball room as uniquely elegant as that of the Woman's Club.

The elite of the city attended the opening ball, which was conducted with charming dignity. Mrs. D. R. Francis, the club's president, was exquisitely gowned and more radiantly youthful than ever. Her welcoming was genuine. She was not contented with formality, but infused her greetings with the spontaneous warmth and cordiality of a woman of inborn tact and grace.

The swagger housekeepers of St. Louis will find the new club a model of the art of housekeeping in every way. A few days ago one of the vice-presidents of the club escorted two visitors on an inspection tour from basement to garret. In an apartment on the third floor she discovered a blind that was not quite drawn on a level with the other blinds in the room. The lady walked all the way down to the first floor, brought up the maid and had her rectify the little disorder. It was rather heroic on the part of the club's vice-president, but it goes without saying that the maid remembered the silently administered rebuke.

The catering of the club will be in keeping with the rest of its appointments. Two caterers have been summoned from Nashville to take charge of that department. These men have been twenty-five years in business in Nashville and have catered for everybody of note in the Southern aristocracy.

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The ball of Saturday night at the Woman's Club was preceded on Friday by Mrs. George K. Hoblitzelle's euchre party, given in honor of Mrs. George Harrison, of Kansas City.

The one ball of the week to which the debutantes had been looking forward for two months, was that given last Tuesday night at the Woman's Club by Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lambert for Miss Lily Lambert, one of the prettiest buds of the season. The most lasting results in the way of several engagements that will be announced before Easter are promised from this elegant affair.

An attractive wedding of the week was celebrated last evening at 8 o'clock at the Lindell Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, when Miss Nellie Moffett and Mr. Eugene Stephens were married by Rev. Dr. D. Dorchester. Miss Gertrude Moffett, cousin of the bride, served as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Misses Pauline Verdin, Florence Meyer and Florence Hunter. Mr. Stephens had Mr. Newman Samuels for his best man. Messrs. J. J. Frederick, Wilbur M. Cooke and Malcolm Post served as groomsmen. A large reception followed the church ceremony at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Julia A. Moffett, in Euclid avenue.

Miss Mary Lackland entertained with a luncheon Miss Elise von Ende, who has returned from a trip through Old Mexico and is again the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. Kayser, of Vandeventer Place. Miss Lackland's guests upon this occasion were Mmes. Frank McKenna, Otto Mersman, and Misses Minnie Busch, Edith O'Neil, Mabel Wood, Jessie Allen and Lily Kluhn.

Mrs. Frederick J. V. Skiff, wife of the Director of Exhibits of the World's Fair, gave an informal reception last week to a number of the ladies of the World's Fair household at the Washington Hotel. Mme. Diaz Albertini assisted in the reception.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ito, wealthy Japanese, residing in San Francisco, will take possession of a handsome residence, No. 5640 Bartmer avenue. Mr. Ito is the representative of a leading Japanese journal in Frisco.

Mr. Stanley Bois, World's Fair Commissioner from the Island of Ceylon, will arrive in St. Louis early in March and take possession of his official residence at 5148 Washington boulevard. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Bois.

Mr. Serge Alexandrovsky, Commissioner General from Russia, who owns one of the most beautiful homes at 14 Grodenensky Place, St. Petersburg, will be located in a Berlin avenue residence during his stay at the World's Fair.

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## SOCIETY

Mr. E. C. Simmons and his neices, the Misses Hattie and Lizzie Glenn, have gone to the Florida resorts for a six weeks' sojourn.

Mr. Samuel Cupples and his neice, Mrs. William Scudder, are at the handsome Cupples home at Colorado Springs. They will be absent till spring.

The leading society event of the week will be the piano recital to be given at the Odeon by Mr. Richard Platt of West Pine boulevard. Mr. Platt is a scion of one of the oldest families of St. Louis, the members of which have been closely identified with the commercial and social progress of the city. After a nine years' course of study under the most prominent masters of Europe, Mr. Platt went to London to make his debut there under the auspices of the Richard Strauss Festival, which was the most important musical event of Europe in July last. Since then he played in Boston, where he will locate permanently under the most favorable auspices. His St. Louis debut next Saturday night at the Odeon will be made a demonstration for the young artist by the leading society women of the city. Mrs. William C. Stribling, Mrs. Ellsworth Smith, the Lacklands, Lindseys, Simmonses, Tebbettses and other well known patrons of music will make the affair a social and artistic success for Mr. Platt.

❖ ❖ ❖

*Rosalie*—"Have you chosen any of your bridesmaids yet?" *May*—"Yes—Fanny Lyon." *Rosalie*—"Why, I thought you hated her." *May*—"No, not exactly; but the bridesmaids are to wear yellow, and you can imagine how that will go with Fanny's complexion."—*Bazar*.



"Chow, when will the dead Chinaman come up to eat that food?"

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## DRAMATIC

John Drew, who was among the first Frohman stars obliged to shelve his new play, "Captain Dieppe," because it was too bad for even a Drew to cause its survival, has fallen back upon "The Second in Command," which he is presenting at the Olympic Theater this week. Mr. Drew starred successfully in the Marshall comedy two seasons ago. As Major Kit Bingham, Mr. Drew is a fascinating figure; less fascinating, though, than the John Drew, who plays himself in a dress suit part. Winsome Margaret Dale and the lovely Ethel Herrick, make up for Mr. Drew's unimpressive appearance in the molasses-colored fatigue uniform.

❖

Bertha Galland, a lately developed star, will follow Mr. Drew at the Olympic with "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," a dramatized version by Paul Kester, of Charles Major's pretty bad novel.

❖

One of the big treats of the season is Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske's engagement at the Grand Opera House, which begins next Monday night. She will present her new play, "Mary of Magdala," which had a sensational opening and subsequent run at the Manhattan Theater New York, in November, 1902. Paul Heyse wrote the Bible story of Mary Magdalen, and the apostasy of Judas into a play, the production of which ten years ago would have ranked with the impossibilities of an Oberammergau show away from the idyllic village in which it was born several centuries ago. While Christ is not impersonated on the stage in this play, He may be said to be hidden in the wings all the time. At the Wednesday matinee and the Saturday evening performance, Mrs. Fiske will go to the other extreme by impersonating Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," a character in direct juxtaposition to Mary of Magdala.

❖

To fill out the unemployed Sunday night at the Grand Charles Dalton has been called to St. Louis to present Kyrle Bellew's last season's play, "A Gentleman of France," which has never been given at popular prices before.

❖

Mason and Mason, as "Rudolph and Adolph," the leading German comedians in the country, have the stage at the Grand this week. Though hosts of fun in themselves, the Masons carry other good comedians with them, and "dead loads" of pretty girls. The musical numbers and specialties are fresh and up-to-date.

❖

To-night Leona Bergere, soubrette of the German Stock Company at the Odeon, will have her annual benefit, which is always one of the most interesting events of the season. Miss Bergere will appear in the title role of "Der Tanzteufel," (The Dancing Demon), a role in which her nimble feet will find ample excuse to dance through the entire play. The leading soubrette of the German Stock Company has, with astonishing versatility, contributed to the enjoyment of over half the plays so far

presented this season. She is a wonderfully clever little woman, and deserves a sold-out house to compensate her for her good work.

❖

"Happy Hooligan" is the attraction at the Imperial Theater this week. The character has been amply exploited in F. Opper's genial hobo, cartooned extensively in the newspapers. Frank Dumont has taken this genus hobo and built around him a jolly play, enlivened with music of excellent quality. Although "Happy Hooligan" is no novice on the stage, he comes with plenty of fresh raiment for this year's production. The scenic investiture is new and handsome. As a laugh producer it is superior to many of the Imperial's shows this season. Next week a new melodrama, "The Lighthouse by the Sea," will be presented. The scenic effects in this drama are said to be graphically sensational.

❖

Rice and Barton's Big Gaiety Company is at the Standard Theater this week. "A Night at Manhattan Beach," and "The Grafters' Inn," are the leading burlesques of the show. The olio is strong in specialties. The organization carries forty good entertainers, some of whom seldom go far away from the Rialto. Another good company is that of T. W. Dinkins, who will bring them to the Standard next week under the title, "Utopians."

❖

"Alt Heidelberg" will be given by the German Stock Company at the Odeon, Sunday night, January 31st. This production is made by special request, "Alt Heidelberg" having been the sensation of last year as well as of this season.

❖

Edna Bernardine Fassett, the St. Louis soprano and prima donna of the School of Opera, is cast for the role of *Leonore* in "Il Trovatore," which will be sung by the school Monday evening, February 8. Miss Fassett's voice is one of the finest sopranos ever heard in amateur ranks. She is more than fitted now for the professional stage, but prefers to keep up her studies with the operatic school a little longer. The feature of the coming operatic production by the School of Opera will be the immense chorus, one hundred voices strong. Connected with this chorus are all the leading choir singers, singing teachers, and students of song in general. The "anvil" chorus will be sung by these people as it has never been sung before. As this is so far this season the only operatic production in St. Louis, and "Il Trovatore" is always a favorite here, the school will doubtless have a sold-out house.

❖

Mr. Burton Holmes, whose "travel-talks" have grown rapidly in public favor in St. Louis, is to give an interesting series of lectures at the Odeon on three successive Friday and Saturday evenings, beginning Friday and Saturday, February 5 and 6. The six subjects included in this series will comprise the All-American series which have met with great success in the large cities of the East and the Far West, the indi-

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the fjords, to Sitka and the White Pass," and "Alaska (2), Down the Yukon to Klondike and Cape Nome." In addition to these subjects, Mr. Holmes will give for his sixth lecture a new talk on Norway, the Land of the Midnight Sun. He gave a lecture on Norway last season, but that was on the great fjords, and did not touch that more beautiful and mysterious Nordland, so rich in interest to geography and literature. Pictorially it is finely equipped. All of the coming series will be illustrated with exquisite colored lantern slides and motion pictures. The sale of seats for the course of six lectures begins at Bollman's Thursday, January 28.

One of the catchiest songs in "The Wizard of Oz," the most successful extravaganza of the century, is the sensational "Sammy" song, which is being whistled and hummed from one end of the metropolis to the other. The upper right-hand box as you face the stage becomes at a certain point in "The Wizard of Oz" the center of concentration for every girl on the stage. This occurs when Miss Lotta Faust trips down to the footlights and sings "Sammy."

Vance and Sullivan's latest production, "Lighthouse by the Sea," a play that appeals strongly to the lovers of melodrama, will be presented at the Imperial Theater on Sunday, where it will be seen for an engagement of a week. The attempted shipwreck by a despicable villain, off "Devil's Rock" lighthouse, while a terrific storm is in progress, is said to be one of the strongest spectacular scenes ever witnessed in a melodramatic production. The company engaged to interpret the various roles is said to be an exceptionally clever one. The favorite Barney Gilmore, in "Kidnapped in New York," follows.

"The Defense of the Castle," by Tudor Jenks, (Mershon & Co., Rahway, N. J.), deals with life in the feudal baron days of England of the twelfth century, during the reign of King Edward. The story relates in detail a siege of Lord Mortimer's keep by Count de Ferrers, a robber baron, who claimed hereditary title to Mortimer Castle. The various methods and means of offense and defense utilized in those days impart to the tale the charm of antiquity. The author describes in detail the bows and arrows, the ballistæ, mangonels, catapults, cats and battering rams, siege towers and mining operations, so that the reader is not at a loss to know the workings of old-fashioned artillery. The deeds of valor performed by both besieged and besiegers, the introduction of gun powder and other new fangled inventions and devices, which startled the superstitious soldiers, give an air of extravagance to the story, which may be all the more enjoyed because of their improbability. The "Defense of the Castle," is, however, a good tale for children.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

## MUSIC

### A VIOLINIST AND A SYMPHONY.

On Friday the Choral Symphony Society introduced to a large confluence of subscribers and casuals Jacques Thibaud, a violinist proclaimed in the society's advertisements as "a second Paganini." Though by claiming for the new violinist the mantle of the immortal wizard of the bow, the management of the Choral Symphony Society evidenced an optimism probably not warranted by his gifts and attainments. M. Thibaud did not disappoint an audience eager for violinistic expertness. The exposition of the Mozart Concerto in D minor was grateful to the ear, both by reason of the beauty of the rarely played work and the pure objectivity and restraint of the soloist's interpretation. Thibaud is a musicianly player and a violinist of tremendous technique, which latter quality was best displayed in the "Havanaise" of Saint Saens.

A certain grittiness of tone, due probably to his bowing, which showed the influence of his preceptor, Ysaye, without that great master's strength to make emulation and imitation altogether advisable.

In appearance Thibaud is a slim little man whose artistic attitude meets scrupulous tonsorial affirmation.

The Tschaiikowsky Symphony in F minor, though Mr. Ernst only vaguely exhibited its content—showed the Russian composer's genius for thematic invention and his deft manipulation of his material.

### RICHARD PLATT'S RECITAL.

The first piano forte recital of the season and given by the only St. Louisan of international reputation as a piano virtuoso should fill every nook and corner of the Odeon Hall on Saturday evening. Mr. Platt's programme embraces a Beethoven sonata, Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuse," a Chopin group, a colorful Brahms "Rhapsodie," short pieces by Richard Strauss, Poldini, Rachmaninoff and the "Tarantella," from Liszt's "Venice e Neapoli." London and Boston critics unite in lauding the young pianist's beauty of tone and his poetic interpretations as well as his finished technique.

The University of Missouri Glee Club will sing at the Odeon February 1st. The following people have boxes and will be patrons of the occasion: Governor and Mrs. David R. Francis, Mayor and Mrs. Rolla Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Krone, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gentry, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. H. Loeb, Dr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Elias Michael, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Frank, Judge Noah M. Givan. The Glee Club and Orchestra, thirty-five in number, will arrive in St. Louis early Monday morning and will spend the morning at the Southern Hotel. They will visit the World's Fair Grounds and be the guests of the World's Fair man-

agement at luncheon Sunday afternoon. The St. Louis Alumni Association probably will entertain them in the evening.

Their trip this year embraces St. Louis, Hannibal, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Joplin and Carthage.



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## POLITICS

ZACH TINKER FOR MAYOR.

Mr. Zach Tinker, not the least deterred by his defeat a few years ago, is again a candidate for the Democratic Mayoralty nomination. In fact, ever since his defeat at the primary four years ago Mr. Tinker has continued his friendships and organization and soon will begin establishing clubs throughout the various wards. That he has a large following and will be no mean opponent, was demonstrated in his first campaign, when he carried eight wards in the face of the most spirited opposition. Since then many persons who opposed him have become his friends and have announced their willingness to support him. The Tinker organization was not perfected in his initial effort to secure the nomination and he suffered loss on this account. He will have a thorough organization in the coming campaign. Mr. Tinker is a thorough going Democrat, whose purse and time have ever been at the party's disposal. He is a successful business man, possesses large means and a large circle of acquaintances in all walks of life.

## OUT FOR CONGRESS.

Mr. Don Summers, who appears to have the backing of the administration, expects to be the Republican nominee for Congress in the Eleventh District, which is now represented by Congressman John M. Hunt. Mr. Summers is a young stalwart who left the Hoosier State three years ago. He is a protege of United States Senator Beveridge. The 3,000 majority which Congressman Hunt received over Mr. Joy does not bother Mr. Summers. He thinks he can overcome it by good campaigning and organization. Mr. Hunt, no doubt, will be renominated if he so desires.

## AFTER GUBERNATORIAL HONORS.

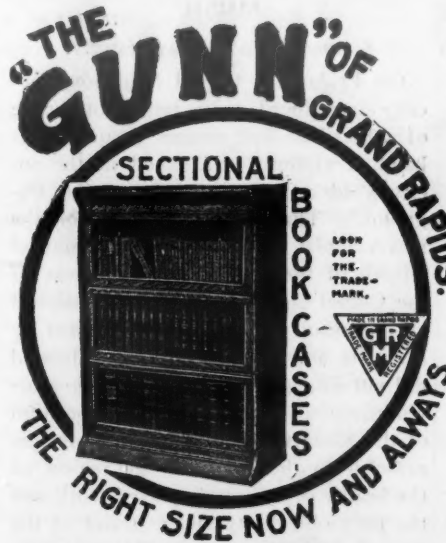
The gubernatorial boom for Mr. C. P. Walbridge is still strong out in the State, despite the fact that it is believed the State Committee sought to snivel him by declaring for him for Vice-President. In fact, it is admitted in certain quarters that the boom is growing and it is thought it would assume even greater proportions if he would only announce himself out of the Vice-Presidential race. It is believed Mr. Walbridge remains silent because it is generally understood the State nominating convention will not be held until after the National convention, which would favor his entry into the gubernatorial race. Neither he nor his friends hope for the Vice-Presidential nomination. The St. Louis politicians do not regard seriously the boom for ex-Congressman Charles F. Joy, and out in the State it is scarcely noticed. Other boomlets recently revived are those of ex-Representative Alonzo Tubbs of Gasconade County, Mr. A. C. Pettijohn of Linn County, who once was the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor; Senator John C. McKinley of Putnam County; ex-Congressman Charles G. Burton of Vernon County; Robert S. Harvey of Miller County; James H. Harkless of Kansas City; Representative V. V. Ing of Wayne County, and Representative E. B. Clem-

ents of Macon County. Mr. G. A. Finkelnberg, the noted jurist of St. Louis, also is occasionally mentioned as a candidate. Mr. Bothwell and Assistant United States District Attorney Bert C. Norton are still in the race. While the list of candidates is growing, the Republican papers of the State are either lukewarm in support of candidates or non-committal on the gubernatorial question. The State Committee also seems in doubt about the strongest man and the cognoscenti in St. Louis are of the opinion that Secretary of Interior Hitchcock and Mr. Charles Nagel who seem to have control of things at Washington, have not as yet given their opinion as to who should lead the State ticket.

## THE REPUBLICAN CHAIRMANSHIP.

The frequent outcropping of candidates for the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee is taken as an indication that a determined effort is to be made to spring a new deal in the management of the party in this State. Among the new candidates for the position are Joseph Caldwell of Bollinger County and Sam R. Farrar of Laclede, both of whom have a strong following in their respective sections of the State. Farrar is well known along the route of the Frisco and Caldwell will be remembered as the contestant for a seat in the lower house of the Assembly of the last session. Caldwell was ousted in favor of a Mr. Weller, but the former had a strong following even among the Democrats of the House. His fight for the seat attracted the attention of the party leaders at the time, but of course it has since been forgotten. Mr. Caldwell now thinks he is justified in seeking the chairmanship and his friends feel that he is entitled to consideration for past services to the party. Mr. Dickey of Kansas City seems to have gotten out of the race in favor of Mr. Roberts.

It is more than probable that the next big stir in the Republican party in Missouri will be due to the swat the rank and file will deliver to the Federal office holders' trust. There is prospect of a new deal in the management of the party, and some new faces, and perhaps old ones, being placed at the head of the organization. If the change comes at all, it will manifest itself at the convention to nominate the big four National delegates at large, which is to be held March 22 at Kansas City. The rank and file have about come to the conclusion that it wasn't Roosevelt patriotism altogether that prompted the selection of an early delegate convention, but that the office holders' trust had in mind their own interests in arranging a snap convention. They hoped to perpetuate themselves in power before the people discovered the plan. Mr. Akins wants to pull on Mr. Kerens' shoes as National Committeeman, and Mr. Roberts of Kansas City, who has been a member of the State Committee—denials to the contrary notwithstanding—wants to become chairman of the State Committee. But the rank and file including the postmasters of the State and the Republican editors, are in a position to spoil the plans and there is not only evidence, but hope,



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that they will spoil them. Besides, if Roosevelt should succeed in convention and at the polls, there is likely to be a further new deal established in Missouri. There has been too much dissatisfaction over the cinch certain men in charge of the party machinery have had on Federal offices. The appointment of Frank Wyman to the St. Louis Postmastership looks now as though it were the olive branch extended to Chauncey I. Filley. Indeed, something that greatly portends to the future management of Republican party affairs in this State must have happened or been done to bring Mr. Filley again into political activity. Is it the chance to bury Kerens forever, and, perhaps, take the National committeemanship, the desire to head off a Walbridge gubernatorial boom or both? Then, too, there is another move in the Republican camp that is indicative of a change. Mr. Kerens is not going to continue the anti-Roosevelt move. It is said he has already given up hope of sending an anti-Roosevelt delegation to Chicago. Mr. Kerens can read the signs afar, perhaps, and is getting from under the crumbling walls of the old party. He is going to California. He wouldn't leave if things were in good shape, but the appearance of Filley in the field, and the determined clamor for the abolition of the Federal patronage trust, together with the action of the Republican editors, are omens full of significance and ruin to Kerensism. The Republicans are getting together gradually. They are nearer harmonious action now than for some time, in Mis-

souri. The two big rival clubs in St. Louis have gotten together, and buried differences in consolidation, so that all that remains to fill the bill is a good trusted leader. There is none in the ranks, or out of them, the equal of the "Sage of Beaumont Street" as a leader, and he may prove to be the party's Moses, if opportunity ever should come its way. The Republicans in city and State have done nothing but bicker and quarrel since Filley was eliminated. They have had no organization, and no organizer. They are now realizing that they need Filley. When he ran things they had at least an organization.

Among the office seekers who came before President Harrison was one who wanted to represent the United States at Yokohama. "Do you speak Japanese?" asked the President. The applicant faltered, then said he did. "Well," said the President, "let me hear you speak it." "All right! Ask me something in Japanese!"

Cope—"I hear your boss expects to raise your salary this month." Hope—"So he says; but he hasn't succeeded in raising all of last month's yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Pa, what is a model man?" "A model man, my son, is generally a very small sample copy, or facsimile, of a real man, and is usually made of putty."—Smart Set.

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which we are unable to fill, and again invite you to send us particulars if you have large tracts for sale at a bargain. IF YOU WANT TO BUY WE CAN INTEREST YOU.

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## HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?



## MY FRIEND WHISTLER

BY EDMUND H. WUERPEL.

(The well-known artist who makes the following tribute to his friend in the New York Independent has exhibited at the Paris Salons and the Paris Exposition, where he was a member of the National Art Jury. He was also Corresponding Secretary of the American jury in Paris for the Chicago Exposition. He is now connected with the Museum of Fine Arts of this city.)

My copy of the portrait in the Luxembourg was all but finished. I had stepped back to get a final view of it when the figure of a small man, in a tall silk hat and long black coat, came between me and my canvas. He carried a slim stick in his hand, with which, from time to time, he nervously tapped the floor. I grew impatient over his prolonged interest, and longed for him to pass on. Finally he turned to me with a most winning smile, saying in French: "This is not so bad, young man; it shows a sympathy with the artist and a certain conception of his method. I wish you success." And still smiling, he turned away, leaving me in a curious frame of mind.

When, a few days later, a matter of business connected with a loan exhibition brought me an invitation to call upon Mr. Whistler, I naturally blessed the opportunity. Imagine my surprise, then, on seeing my little man of the Luxembourg seated at a table bestrewn with papers and drawings. He knew me instantly, and, rising to greet me, he said: "So it was *you* whom I spoke to the other day about my mother's portrait."

Thus began my acquaintance with Mr. Whistler.

I do not know whether it was the lucky accident of the copy I was making, or an instinctive sympathy, or the natural amiability of the man, which procured me his friendship; whatever it was, the friendship grew beyond my fondest hope, and continued until death ended it a few months ago.

I had heard much of Mr. Whistler's eccentricity of character, and was at first continually on the alert for some manifestation of it. But this feeling left me after I really came to know the man, and I have never questioned that my conception of his character was the correct one.

The world at large knew him as an affected, though brilliant, mountebank.

They looked upon him as a man devoid of generosity, of loyalty, of affection, and, in fact, devoid of all that makes a man lovable to his fellow man.

He was, in truth, human, like the rest of us, and burdened with some of our weaknesses. It was unfortunate for Mr. Whistler, and still more so for the public, that in the very beginning of his career he should have been unfairly and unreasonably treated. All his sensitive nature rebelled at the narrow, prejudiced conception of his efforts, and his indomitable will refused to accept quietly the verdict of a philistine. Had Mr. Whistler been a man of large, robust physique, had he been a man of greater physical strength, of a less nervous temperament, it is extremely probable that we should never have heard of the Jim-

mie Whistler of the press. He would have been able to pass quietly to his chosen place without those unfortunate outbursts for which the worry of his tormentors are responsible. Would this in any way have affected our opinion of his art; would he have had more popularity?

From the very beginning I was fortunate in gaining Mr. Whistler's friendship, and thus knew him as I wish that everybody might have known him.

He was a man full of that experience which fosters an understanding of the troubles and trials of others. He knew how to comfort, not by flattery, but by encouragement. He had such a vast fund on which to draw that he was seldom at a loss to illustrate his meaning from his personal experiences.

"It is absurd to be discouraged," he would say, "for you need every bit of cheerfulness and strength to go on fighting the battle. If you could but know the number of times, even now, when I have almost given up, you would not feel so desperate about your own case."

His appreciation of his own achievements was naive. His pleasure in something well done was childish, at times almost pathetic. He would work incessantly at some detail on his canvas, and when it was finally accomplished to his satisfaction, would enjoy it in an absolutely impersonal manner. "Now look at this!" he would exclaim, "isn't it pretty; see how soft it is, isn't it pretty; what!" And not waiting for a reply, he would actually dance from one side of his studio to the other to see it from different points of view, always keeping up an analysis of what had been achieved,—not what he—Whistler—had achieved. It was as frank, spontaneous and joyous as the lark's note of praise. So he would enjoy his triumphs.

He knew his own worth perfectly, and was as free in his adverse criticisms as he was in his praises. I remember well his asking me to pose for a study which we called the Scotchman. "I am tired of doing an unsympathetic model. All they consider is 'Am I going to get the worth of my money, or am I being done justice to?' I want to work at some thing that breathes sympathy and encouragement. Will you do it?"

Oh! the delightful hours of talk and advice and mutual reminiscences. He told me of his early life and of his student days. I have no room for that here. He showed me that truly gentle, lovable nature which, alas! only too few knew. He would work and talk joyously while things went well. But when he could not accomplish what he was striving for he was silent, and occasionally his little foot would tap the floor impatiently. His lips, usually so happy and smiling, would become stern and straight, and his human model was forgotten. I have under such circumstances posed for him for three hours without a rest, and on one occasion nearly fainted under the strain of it. You should have seen his bewilderment when he realized what had happened. You should have heard the gentle apology and seen the solicitous concern with which he hovered over me until I had recovered. It was worth ten times the

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pain and strain. Occasionally he would call me to see what he had accomplished, or to ask my advice, as to the merit or demerit of some detail.

One day he had completed a sleeve and I was asked to admire it. It had a fault in drawing, not unusual in his first steps. Upon my pointing it out to him he deliberately scraped out the painting, and it had all to be done over again. When it was finally drawn to his satisfaction, he could not get the color. He worked and frowned and struggled, and finally putting down his brushes, he said with a sigh: "My dear fellow, why did you make me change it, I had it, man, and just see now!"

In his discouragement, as in his wrath, there was always one restraining ele-



ment—his wife. No one can have a correct impression of Mr. Whistler's personality without knowing him in his own home. Mrs. Whistler was of an even cheerful disposition, never betray-



ing the worry and anxiety to which Mr. Whistler's unhappy outbursts subjected her. Her tact and calmness, her full appreciation of the causes which moved her husband, were the means of quelling many an incipient demon of scorn, sarcasm and vindictive wit. She seemed instinctively to know when things were going wrong. If it was merely a question of discouragement she would endeavor to change the current of his thoughts. His interest in their garden was as keen as her own; and it was an easy matter to coax him out in the cool evening air and divert his thoughts into more agreeable channels. In his roses he buried his troubles. If the weather was inclement, his interest in household matters could successfully be aroused. The hangings, the furniture, the arrangement of all the little trifles which go to make up a home, were of greatest moment to him. His constant plea was for simplicity. So in this way his discouraged spirit was fortified. But if the trouble was of deeper moment, if the spirit was wounded, then no ordinary trifles would suffice to change the current of his thoughts.

The motherly tenderness with which she stroked his head, the endearing tone of her voice as she whispered words of comfort, usually soothed him, and often I have heard him answer to her: "What is it, Jimmie, dear?" "Isn't it a beastly world, Trixie?" It was always the Philistine, who wrought havoc with his peace of mind. Every sensitive spot of his nature was open to receive the blows unjustly hurled at him. It was a fault, but he was so constituted, and there was no help for it.

Mr. Whistler's home life was harmonious, happy and companionable. It was my very great pleasure and good fortune to have been made one of the family, and I cannot sufficiently express my delight in the relations that existed between Mr. Whistler and the rest of his household. His pleasures were simple and easily gratified. His love for music was not of a profound nature. He preferred the old ballads and sonorous symphonies to the subtle melodies of Grieg. "He is too depressing," he would complain—"I like something that has more movement." But once aware of the taste of others, he never interfered with their pleasures. He would sit patiently, while Mrs. Whistler and her sister, Miss Philip, played or sang to me, until some fitting opportunity occurred, when he would mildly suggest that we play a game of whist to make us happier.

The mysteries of clairvoyance had a great attraction for him, and among other frivolities we indulged in was table rapping and mind reading. I remember with what indignation he accused Mrs. Whistler of moving the table one evening when that innocent piece of furniture was actually dancing from one end of the room to the other. "Why, Trixie, you do not seem to realize that I am actually in earnest, and that I should like to investigate this phenomenon seriously." I procured the address of a palmist for the ladies, and this visit was the means of an entertaining series of experiments on Mr. Whistler's part. He could not conceive that

others should be endowed with supernatural faculties which were denied to him.

At the table his stories and recollections were a never ending source of entertainment. Mrs. Whistler and Miss Philip were led to believe all sorts of ludicrous tales of American life and manners, and I was called upon, in the most solemn manner, to corroborate his statements. For instance, he said to me one evening at dinner: "How would you like some buckwheat cakes, now, with good New Orleans molasses?" Upon my dilating on the pleasures of such a delicacy as only an exile can do, Mrs. Whistler said that if I could tell her how they were made she would try to persuade the Empress (so the cook was always designated) to make them for us. When the recipe was found and the cakes appeared, Mr. Whistler made a great-heaping pile of them, flooding them with syrup. He insisted, since the ladies would not take more than a taste, that we two finish them. In reply to the horrified expression on Mrs. Whistler's face, he said smilingly: "Why, Trixie, the Americans *always* eat a dozen of these for breakfast, don't they, Wuerpel?" They nearly got the better of me, and I do not think they agreed with Mr. Whistler, for we never had them again.

As a host, Mr. Whistler showed his guests equal politeness, but not always equal cordiality. Firm and loyal as he was in his friendships, he could not easily take up the threads of an interrupted relation. His first instinct in meeting people was friendly, but he almost invariably discovered the curious and inquisitive, and from these he shut himself in a courteous, but impenetrable armor.

On Sunday afternoons it was his custom to receive, either in his house or in that delightful garden behind the house, which has become so familiar to the public. Here, seated at a rustic table, Mrs. Whistler dispensed tea and good cheer, and here Mr. Whistler walked about incessantly from one visitor to the other; a joking word with one, a word of advice to the other, a serious discussion with the third,—the life of the whole affair. Here I have met Puvis de Chavannes and so many of his contemporaries. Here Monsieur M— would recite us his beautiful couplets—after the other guests had gone. Here I met Dr. Weir Witchell, Mr. Howells and all the interesting and notable men in Paris.

Some of these men I visited with Mr. Whistler, and never have I seen the slightest trace of that Jimmie Whistler, of which the public has become so fond. He invariably met with the greatest courtesy and distinction, and his opinion was treated with every mark of respect. He was ever ready to advise, when his opinion was asked in evident earnestness. Many young students, of all nationalities, came to him for advice; and I am sure always left his presence enlightened and encouraged. His inferences were not always correct, for he was in the habit of placing himself in the student's place, but I do not think that he ever gave advice that would do harm, no matter under what error of judgment it may have been given.



## Growing Old Gracefully —and Healthfully

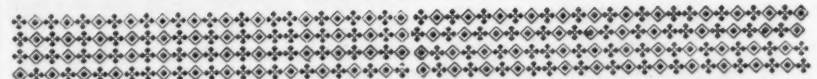
The infirmities of old age are successfully combated by the use of

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TRADE MARK.  
—The Food-Drink.

Its tonic properties are invaluable to those who are weak—nursing mothers, little children and the aged.

All druggists sell it. Prepared by the

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To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Typewriting Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)

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STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS  
IN EVERY RESPECT.

ment it may have been given. His generous help has kept many a student from actual want. I am not divulging any great secret in saying that the supply of this world's goods was not always abundant in his coffers. He enjoyed good living; his temperament needed it. But he never refused to share his crumb



### BIG FOUR

St. Louis to New York.  
St. Louis to Boston.  
St. Louis to Cincinnati.

Father Knickerbocker:

"Porter, order my breakfast in the Dining Car. I have had a splendid night's rest and have a good appetite. The Big Four is the smoothest road I ever saw."

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THAT'S ALL.

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with any one who really was in want. In one instance he discovered an elderly lady who had foolishly wandered to Paris in pursuit of art. She made copies in the Luxembourg which, at least, gave her pleasure. Her small income was entrusted to friends, who either carelessly or criminally misappropriated it. With the news of her lost fortune came also the news of a daughter's dangerous illness. The poor lady was in despair, and knew not where to turn for help. The American Consul could not help her. Her artist friends were not much more easy in mind than she was herself. In this emergency Mr. Whistler, with the greatest possible delicacy and secrecy, bought her transportation, and sent her some money to defray other expenses upon landing. She did not know of Mr. Whistler's part in the transaction, and had absolutely no claim on him.

It was not only his money he was ready to give, but his more precious time. In my own case he made it a practice to climb up eight flights of steep polished stairs to my apartments, if I can dignify them by such a name. Once a week always, often three times a week, he would come to see my work and criticize it. I cannot recall that I ever asked him to do it. It was done at some expense of personal fatigue and time, and in the most generous, patient, delicate manner imaginable. He never left behind him the sense of a favor conferred. He gave himself.

At that time I used to be my own housekeeper, did my own cooking and dish washing. This never ceased to amuse Mr. Whistler. In his student days he had never done the drudgery, and he could not see how it was possible for me to do it. He treated it as a great joke at first, and then fearing he might hurt my feelings, he used often to come about dinner time and sit with us while we ate our homely meal. He would never join us, but was deeply interested in the processes of evolving the wonderful dishes which we concocted. He would go into my little hole of a kitchen and poke into the pots and stuff at this and at that, and say: "Why, God bless me, how do you know what you are about?" And while my chum and I washed the dishes he would lie down on the sofa in my room and take a nap. When all was cleared away he often said to me: "And now, my dear fellow, come home with me and get something to eat."

His frank criticism of the work of other great painters was a constant pleasure. He would go through the Louvre or the Luxembourg with me, full of praise for one and silent contempt for another.

His influence need not be discussed. It is too readily conceded. He felt it and frankly lamented that some should try to follow where he led without having had the necessary preparation. When something came before him that was really good, he was lavish in his praises. Some of the modern phases of art were beneath his notice. I remember meeting him one morning after he had paid a visit to Monet. He was full of praise of the hospitality and kindness of

his host, and in some accord with his theories, but he said: "Imagine my surprise on looking out of my bedroom window the morning after my arrival at seeing that the landscape was not full of dots and points of pure color. I felt as though M. Monet had moved into a saner region." His theory of simplicity could not possibly cover the erratic movements of Monet and his followers. In a like manner he would dwell on the excellencies of the old masters. He studied them minutely, and analyzed not only the result they obtained, but the conditions under which they were produced. He seemed to feel that there was much in "artistic environment and atmosphere" of which so much is said. "They lived at a time when every grain of artistic feeling was coaxed and fostered into activity."

Strong in his convictions, clear in his purpose, and courageous in his labors, he necessarily demanded much from his co-workers. Where these qualities were manifest, he was broad and generous, even though the result achieved was mediocre. He apologized for its weaknesses and praised its honesty of purpose, "for without a real cause, no man has a right to work; no one should presume to trifle with so sacred a thing. If you are sure of yourself, let all the world be against you; it should not turn you from your purpose. Only time can tell whether you are right or you are wrong. The reward that comes to us cannot be measured by any other mortal, and it is worth all the sorrow and disappointment." So he would talk, and his example was always before us. The wit, the satirist, the buffoon, the mountebank, had nothing in common with this man.

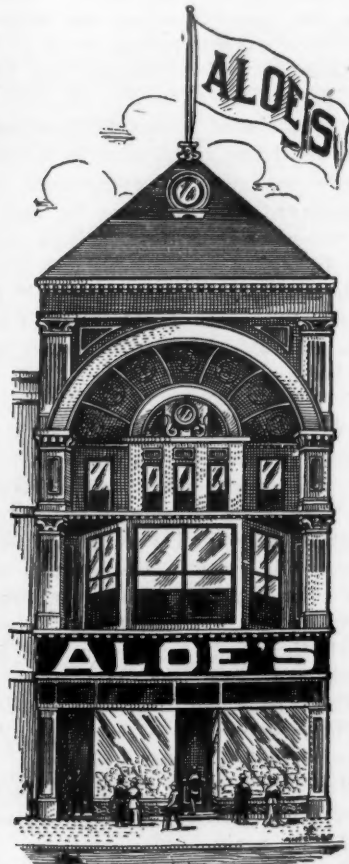
Of his art, we cannot say much. We feel it, or we do not. Time will place it in its proper relation to all things, and the judgment of time comes not in our days. But the man, stripped of his genius and his greatness, is before us, and should be understood, for we do not often meet with such a personality. Had he never been famous, I am sure that his friends would have worshiped his memory even as they do to-day. It was neither his fame nor his brilliancy that drew them; it was simply that dear man, my friend Whistler.

#### KISSING OUT OF FAVOR

There are about four reasons for the passing of the kiss:

1. It has been proved difficult for two persons wearing Gainsborough hats or their modifications to kiss.
2. The long flowing veils of the moment become a tangled mass of chiffon or net and the large velvet spots with too rough treatment easily become detached.
3. The complexion, unless exceedingly well made, is apt to smear, and the powder rubs off, presenting a daubed effect.
4. The elaborate blouse and neck ruffles, with the multitudinous chains, etc., of modern dress decorations, are easily crushed and quickly lose their pristine beauty.

It is therefore considered bad taste to



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**JOHN C. KNAPP.**

kiss in public, and so, since there must be some way of welcoming a friend, the manly handshake has come in.

It was before bicycles became so popular as they are now that a Yankee farmer was importuned by a dealer to buy one for seventy-five dollars. "I'd rather spend the money on a cow," was the farmer's answer. "But what an idiot you would look riding about the town on the back of a cow." "Perhaps so," replied the farmer, "but not half such an idiot as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle."

He—"I think the bride was wonderfully lucky in receiving so many beautiful wedding presents." She—"Oh, she always was lucky in that respect."—*Brooklyn Life.*

They had been discussing the baby's ears, eyes and nose. "And I think it's got its father's hair," said the joyful young mother. "Oh, is that who's got it? I noticed it was missing." And as the tall girl with the suave manner said this, the mother looked dubiously at her.—*Judge.*



#### THE KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL BIG FOUR!

St. Louis to Cincinnati.  
St. Louis to New York.  
St. Louis to Boston.

*My Dear Wife:*

"I am in the Library Car on the Knickerbocker. Is it not wonderful that I can write a letter while the train is running 50 miles an hour? The track is very smooth."

TICKET OFFICE,

Broadway and Chestnut Street,  
W. P. DEPPE, Chief A. G. P. A., St. Louis.



# THE BEAUTY SHOW

The New York "Beauty Show," so extensively advertised by the Sunday supplements, came off as per schedule. "The underwear was all there," says the New York Sun reporter, and adds: "Nineteen women, some of whom were young, stood on pedestals and gyrated until there was some fear that the blue ribbons tied none too securely in a single breadth about their waists, might slip off. These were the contestants for the one-thousand dollar beauty prize to be awarded to the woman receiving the highest number of votes. Ballots were distributed in the audience, and everybody was requested to mark his ballot and leave it in one of the fifty ballot-boxes placed about the building. When the curtains were first pulled aside and the footlights of the posing cabinet turned up, a loud groan saluted the roof. The poseurs were men. Most of them were bare to the waist, and seemed to be busy holding up unseen universes on corded masses of chest and back and shoulder muscles. 'Bring on the women!' howled one disgusted spectator. The next time the curtain went up there was a roar of delight. Eleven not unbeautiful women stood on the pedestals. Under each pedestal was a number. By the time the second or third pose had been reached hundreds in the mass of men gathered below were shouting the numbers of their favorites, presumably with the object of affecting the voting. 'Number seven!' 'Six! Six! Six!' 'Nine! Nine! Nine! Vote for nine!' As the roars rose above the growing laughter and applause, appreciative wiggles were observed to wander over the frames of the union suited persons whose numbers were called. But one man pretty nearly caused the whole line to fall off their pedestals. 'Any one of the bunch will do for Willie!' he howled. Individual numbers were lost in the whoops of applause that greeted the sally, and the electric-light man became so confused that he shut off the lights. Inspector Walsh, Captain Burfeind, of the Tenderloin Station, Inspector McClusky, and three Comstock agents sat the show through, and said after it was over that the law hadn't been broken."

When Brander Matthews went to his club one evening, not long ago, according to the *Bookman*, he went to the letter-box, and looked through the compartment marked "M," and found therein a very peremptory dun from a tailor. Mr. Matthews was puzzled, as he had had no dealings with the insistent tailor, until he again looked at the envelope and found that he had unwittingly opened a letter belonging to another member of the club, so he put the bill back in the envelope and returned it to the compartment. As Mr. Matthews was turning to go, he noticed the member for whom the bill was intended coming toward the letter-box. A minute later he came into the reading room, where Mr. Matthews was sitting with several others. Taking from its envelope the bill, he read it attentively for a few minutes, sighed, tore it into bits, then with a wink

and the leer of an invincible conqueror, he commented: "Poor, silly little girl!"

## MORE ABOUT "SWEET ALICE"

Dear Madge:—A great many beautiful things have been created in St. Louis, but I think the "Alice" art picture you have just sent me is the sweetest, dearest souvenir of St. Louis that I have had the good fortune to possess. The Roberts, Johnson and Rand Shoe Company, which placed this pretty picture within reach of the public, certainly is deserving of our thanks. And to think that it can be obtained from them for only 50 cents in stamps is simply immense. I think it is the greatest art bargain, Madge, that I've ever seen. It looks stunning in a frame and the lettering on it does not spoil it at all. It is really a masterpiece on the walls of one's boudoir in an appropriate frame. I wish you would have Charley send one to my chum, Nelly Bland, who, you know, is attending school at Notre Dame. She is studying art and I know she will be pleased to receive "Sweet Alice." By the way, I'm sorry the Roberts, Johnson and Rand Company didn't call the picture "Sweet Alice." It would have been so appropriate. You say the original of the picture is a St. Louis girl. She must be a stunner. I'd like to meet her. If she's as sweet as her picture she must be a dear, good chum. I'm going to write the firm for her address. They won't refuse me, do you think? Really I don't know of any business house getting out anything near so beautiful. It is just the right size, 10x14 inches, and the colors are so artistically blended. That M. Galli who painted the original is surely a great portrait artist. An artist friend of mine says there are no less than seventeen colors in the picture. It must have cost the company quite a snug sum for "Alice." But then she's worth her weight in gold. Everyone down here who has seen my picture is just wild about it and they all wrote for one at once. I do hope that the supply has not given out and that Nelly can have one. I never saw anything in such demand. It is surely a great hit. As soon as I get some more pin money from papa I'm going to write the Advertising Department of the Shoe Company for several more. Please tell Charley, Madge, to have them hold a few for me.

Yours,  
JESS.

Macon, Ga.  
P. S. Wouldn't you like to have hair like Alice's, Madge. Lon just dotes on auburn hair, and mine is such a sickly blonde. I'm thinking of doing something to it.

"Yes, I'll give you a meal of victuals if you'll shovel off these sidewalks." "Would you not prefer, madam, to have me shovel off the snow?" "Poor fellow, have you tramped all the way from Boston?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

First Author—"How many copies of your book have been sold?" Second Author—"I don't know. I haven't seen anything about the sales except the publisher's affidavit."—*Life*.

## SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged a number of the greatest European artists that were brought to this country for his winter show at Forest Park. These artists have never before been seen in this city. The high excellence of the programme to be kept them off the streets. The direct re-

## NOBLE WORK

The Civic Improvement League will, this year, through its Play-Competition Committee, have in addition to the noble work of the children the best possible summer recreation and the hot summer sun and

THE ODEON, FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS AT 8:15

## BURTON HOLMES'

Magnificently Illustrated Lectures.

Colored Views

YOSEMITE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5.  
YELLOWSTONE, SATURDAY, FEB. 6.  
GRAND CANYON, FRIDAY, FEB. 12.  
ALASKA I, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 13.  
ALASKA II, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19.  
NORWAY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

Motion Pictures

SALE OF COURSE TICKETS, BEGINS TO-DAY AT BOLLMAN BROS. 1120 OLIVE \$3.50, \$2.50 and \$1.50.

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK, Chas. Frohman presents JOHN DREW, In his greatest Comedy Success The Second In Command. by Robert Marshall Regular Matinee Sat.

Next Monday evening Matinees Wed. and Sat. BERTHA GALLAND in the romantic comedy drama Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. Direction J. Fred Zimmerman Jr. Reserved seats Thurs

## GERMAN THEATER

"ODEON" Heinemann & Welb - - - - - Managers TO-NIGHT, Benefit of Leona Bergere, "Der Tanzteufel" (Dancing Demon) Most laughable musical farce of the season. NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT, JAN. 31, By Special Request "Alt Heidelberg"

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK, John C. Fisher's stupendous Production The SILVER SLIPPER by the authors of "Florodora" with Samuel Collins and a Company of 124. Regular Matinee Sat.

Next Sunday Night, Wed and Sat. mats. "The Wizard of Oz." Reserved seats on sale beginning Thursday morning.

ODEON SAT. JAN. 30. AT 8:15

First and only appearance this season of the AMERICAN PIANIST, RICHARD PLATT Recently returned from a series of sensational successes in London, Berlin, Leipzig and Dresden. Seat sale at Bollman's Jan. 25. Prices 50c to \$1.50.

Increasing popularity has induced unscrupulous manufacturers to put cotton-mixed substitutes for KNEIPP LINEN MESH on the market. It looks much the same, but you'll know the difference if you wear it.

Kneipp Linen-Mesh Underwear

is guaranteed to be pure Irish Linen to the last thread and fiber. You cannot afford to take chances.

FOR SALE BY Scruggs Vandervoort and Barney Dry Goods Co. Send for samples and instructive booklet

Imperial 25c Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees Daily, 25c. Get the Habit.

The Lighthouse by the Sea.

NEXT—Barney Gilmore.

GRAND Mats. Wed., Sat. Good Seats, 25c. Night Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

Mason & Mason in Rudolph and Adolph Next Week—Mrs. Fiske

## STANDARD

The Home of Folly. Two Frolics Daily. THIS WEEK, NEXT WEEK

Rice & Barton's Big Gaiety Extravaganza Co.

T. W. Dinkins' Utopians

St. Louis Sketch Club

(Fourth Successful Season) Leading Local Dramatic Organization Now Under Rehearsal: "UNDER THE RED CROSS" "DAVID GARRICK"

Rehearsals at Odeon. Performances at the Pickwick Theatre. Need few ambitious, energetic people to complete roster. Requirements: Average intelligence and good social standing. For membership address, ST. LOUIS SKETCH CLUB, Care, The Odeon, Grand and Finney

Little Willie—"What is the difference between character and reputation, pa?" Pa—"Character is a luxury, my son, while reputation is a necessity."—*Chicago Daily News*.

The Brute—"What are you thinking of, Mamie?" Mamie—"I am dreaming of my youth." The Brute—"I thought you had a far-away look in your eyes."—*Princeton Tiger*.



## THE STOCK MARKET

Very bold, active and dextrous was the work of stock manipulators in the last few days. Many issues were put up with concentrated buying orders on a larger scale than had been witnessed for many a day. Owing to the aggressive and confident attitude assumed by bull operators, there has been quite a perceptible reawakening in commission house business. The occasional fractional relapses, caused by realizing sales, only served to sharpen the appetite of those traders who had for ever so long a time been longing and looking for a fresh chance to get close to the bull trough. Consequently, no surprise can be expressed at the sudden enlargement of transactions in Wall street and the raucous predictions of a further and more sensational rise in the near future.

That speculative sentiment, at least, among the strictly professional class, is once more outspokenly bullish, cannot be questioned. Neither can it be questioned that some of the causes contributing to this renaissance of bull feeling are emphatically artificial and, therefore, untrustworthy. There is, for instance, the theory that the economic tide in this country is once more on the rise. Could there be anything flimsier or more dubitable? Does the mere fact that there has been a slight rebound from the recent extremity of depression in the iron and steel trade warrant the firm conclusion that the permanent drift of things is again upward? It needs neither a Carnegie nor a Hill to assure us that lasting improvement does not set in so suddenly, nor so markedly as some hot-headed Wall street optimists would fain have us believe.

No careful observer will deny that the feeling in the Pittsburg district is somewhat more hopeful. It is reported that there is a better consumptive demand and more stability of prices in some directions. At the same time, however, it cannot be gainsaid that the leading railroad companies are still looking for lower quotations on steel rails, and that in structural iron the procrastinating attitude of buyers is having a decidedly depressing effect. The trade journals are not over-sanguine regarding the actual

position and outlook. While they adopt a more cheerful tone, they are extremely conservative in vaticinations.

It was the deft mind and the still more deft hand of the manipulator which brought about the sharp gains in various railroad and industrial shares latterly. Insistently obvious was the fact, at times, that special efforts were making to inveigle the naive outsider into buying by the somewhat clumsy and threadbare device of jackscrewing stocks, lending themselves easily to the purposes of dishonest manoeuvres. Could there have been anything sillier than the performances in United States Realty, Rubber, Sugar, Peoples' Gas and Tennessee Coal & Iron? That any man of sane senses and expectations bought shares of this sort on considerations of legitimate merit is something utterly inadmissible. It is only the stock-jobber, and his victim and dope, the "green" outsider, who will fool with "stuff" like this, for the reason, essential only from the gambler's standpoint, that they give assurance of quick action, and, possibly, large profits. Why, one may ask, should the conservative, sensible trader be anxious to buy a stock like United States Realty preferred or common after the best and most substantial members of the directorate have handed in their resignations?

Rumors are current that a powerful clique is at work in People's Gas. Judging by the late action of these shares and the general speculative atmosphere, it may well be that these rumors have something of a solid foundation. It would not require much of an effort to lift the price to 120 or thereabout. People's Gas, in times past, proved anything but unwieldy material in the hands of courageous operators. In its golden age, when the late R. P. Flower used to "bull" it for all it was worth, and predict all kinds of staggering prices, the Chicago sky-rocket added considerably to the gayety of Wall street, and, incidentally, to the bank accounts of the clique guiding its destinies. It is a 6 per cent stock, and this alone assures it of gullible patronage every time the "tip" goes round that "there's something doing." Some there are who still believe the People's will eventually climb up to Consolidated Gas. These optimists must either be well-informed, or else be beyond all hope of redemption from error and folly. For the wayfarer man it is, of course, impossible to tell which of these alternative deductions is likely to be closest to the truth. The late court decision bearing upon gas rates must not be overestimated by those who consider People's a good thing.

The loan inflation continues merrily. The last bank statement added a cool \$30,000,000 to this item, which now stands at the highest notch ever reached in the history of the New York clearing-house. Quite a remarkable and suggestive feature of the banking situation in New York! However, it does not seem to have any intimidating or restraining effect worth mentioning. What slight anxiety there may be in bull ranks over the probability of continued loan expansion and its effect upon stock speculation, is overshadowed by the com-

## St. Louis Union Trust Co.

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND LOCUST STS.

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ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

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We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

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## Condensed Statement of

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Trust Company

DECEMBER 31, 1903

## Resources.

Loans and discounts.....	\$ 9,169,982.12
Overdrafts.....	372.67
Bonds and stocks.....	10,077,572.09
Real estate.....	554,459.57
Safe deposit vaults.....	72,000.00
Cash and sight exchange.....	5,842,480.80
All other resources.....	12,055.32

\$25,728,922.57

## Liabilities.

Capital.....	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus and profits.....	5,245,098.72
Deposits.....	16,219,533.80
Bills rediscounted.....	500,000.00
All other liabilities.....	764,290.05

\$25,728,922.57

JULIUS S. WALSH, President  
JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary

fort derived from the enormous increase in deposits. When bull sentiment and manipulation have the upperhand, such comparatively trifling factors as dangerously distended loans and the approaching flotation of large-sized issues of railway bonds are viewed with calm indifference. If the moguls are determined to whirl prices upward, nothing will prevent them from executing their programme, no matter what timid, old-womanish conservatives may drool regarding precipitous inflation.

Sterling is still strong. Those shrewd ones who invested in it, six or eight weeks ago, at the low level then prevailing, are now offered tempting opportunity to realize handsome profits, averaging about six points. The future course of the foreign exchange market deserves to be watched very solicitously. The most experienced financiers profess themselves unwilling to volunteer any opinion upon the future course of sterling. They aver that there are so many uncertainties en-

shrouding it that it would be useless to make any predictions at the present time.

If nothing untoward intervenes, material advances are considered certain to be scored in St. Paul, Northwest common, Pennsylvania, New York Central, Union Pacific common, Missouri Pacific and the anthracite issues. Of course, the industrials will try to keep up with the rest of the list. As nearly all of them are thorough gambling propositions, there is no need to make particular recommendations as to selections among them for purchases.

In London, professional opinion regarding American issues is, on the main, pessimistic. There is only one financial journal of note and repute that considers a sharp appreciation in American shares among the probabilities of the near future, and that is the London *Statist*. Late London buying in New York is regarded as having been purely fictitious and instigated by designing American bull operators.



LOCAL SECURITIES.

The demand for securities in the local market is improving some, yet still on a limited scale. In the past week, selling pressure has not been much in evidence, but this does not necessarily warrant the conclusion that all weak accounts have been closed out. It may well be that holders are simply waiting for a more favorable opportunity to resume selling operations. There is no reason to be in a really cheerful mood regarding the local situation as long as investment buying does not manifest itself more openly.

Brokers report a gratifying enlargement in the demand for city, county and school district bonds. Cautious investors appear to be returning to their first and safest love. A choice municipal bond is a thing of beauty, and does not cause any worry. St. Louis investors should be encouraged in following their latest disposition.

Bank and trust company issues are a trifle firmer. Third National is selling at 291, Bank of Commerce at 295, Mechanics at 271, Missouri Trust at 114 3/4, and Lincoln Trust at 200. For Commonwealth 260 1/2 is bid, for St. Louis Union Trust 299, and for Title Guaranty 45.

St. Louis Transit has rallied to a small extent. It is now going at 12; United Railways preferred is feeling its way around 53. The United Railways 4s scored another fictitious rise, with significantly few sales. They are selling at 80 5/8. Kinloch Telephone 6s are selling at 105; Alton Bridge 4s at 89 3/4; Century Building 6s at 107 3/4; St. Louis & Suburban 5s at 103 3/4. For Laclede Gas 5s 106 3/4 is bid, for St. Louis World's Fair 3 1/2s 96 3/4 is bid.

Demand for money at the banks is fair. Interest rates are a shade easier. Ruling quotations are at 5 and 6 per cent for time and call loans. Drafts on New York are at a good premium. Chicago exchange is likewise at a premium. Sterling is firm at \$4.86 1/4.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Reader—No reduction in dividend on bank stock named contemplated at present. Insiders believed to be large holders. Wouldn't sell at current figures.

M. M. L., Madison, Wis.—Would hold Missouri Pacific. Should score a further rise. Don't miss your opportunity this time. Absorption talk only explanation of advance in Great Western.

Stockholder, Webb City, Mo.—Company capitalized at \$20,000,000. Headquarters in Philadelphia. No dividend paid on stock. The bonds are highly speculative.

G. D., Pittsburg, Kan.—Atchison adjustment 4s not very cheap at prevailing quotations. Dividend on preferred appears safe at present time. Common doubtful. Latter should improve more than preferred in the event of a continuation of upward movement.

A. W. E.—Consider B. & O. 3 1/2s good investment, also New York Central 3 1/2s at 89. Southern 5s too high. Union Pacific preferred looks safe, but not likely to move up much.

C. H.—You might continue holding for a while. Stock should rally some. Late slump due to vague rumors of unfavorable character touching dividends.

THE GENDER OF ARKANSAS

"The life of a school-teacher would be sorely monotonous," said a teacher of a boys' school not a hundred miles from the city hall, "if it were not for his sense of humor and the really funny things which happen every day in the school room. One day, for instance, I had up my smart class in grammar and set the boys parsing. I called to Moses, a colored boy, to parse Arkansas, and he said, 'Arkansas,' with emphasis on the second syllable. I corrected his pronunciation, and he went on:

"Hark-en-saw is a noun, objective case, indicative mood, comparative degree, third person, passive, and nominative case to scissors."

"You haven't said what gender, Moses," I remarked.

"Feminine gender," quickly remarked my smart scholar.

"Why, sir?" I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Becos it's got Miss Souri on the norf, Louisa Anna on the souf, Mrs. Sippi on the east and ever so many more shemales on the west."

"It was so well done I joined in and encouraged the laugh which followed the smart boy's humor."



FEES AT SWELL WEDDINGS

The officiating clergymen at the fashionable churches are saying that the fees paid for their services at swell weddings are greatly exaggerated in the popular mind. The general impression, says one of them, is that the clergyman gets anywhere from \$100 to \$1,000 for marrying a wealthy couple in high society, whereas the average fee is about \$50. When the late Duke of Marlborough was married to Mrs. Hamersley by Mayor Hewitt his grace offered his honor a five-pound note. Mayor Hewitt returned the fee with this remark: "Your grace will accept my grateful appreciation of your good intentions, as well as my suggestion that you keep your money. You are far from home and on our honeymoon. You may need it."—Boston Herald.



GROUND FOR DIVORCE

A Salem, Mass., man thinks he has had trouble enough to entitle him to a divorce. It appears that his wife tore the signs from his store, put into his tea something that made him ill, threw his clothes downstairs, filled his shoes with cold water, put refuse in his overcoat pocket, threw water over him as he went downstairs, put pepper in his bed, made him sleep in the attic, wouldn't do his washing, wouldn't mend his clothes, made him darn his socks and sew buttons on his shirts, spat on his toast when he was getting his breakfast, rocked a squeaky chair for hours at a time to annoy him, put grease on his Sunday clothes, wouldn't let him have a fire on the coldest evenings so that he often had to go to bed at 7 p. m. to keep warm, and finally she rubbed a butcher's knife over his neck and threatened to blow out his brains.



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## SPORTING COMMENT

The new Union Jockey Club, which is to wage war on the Cella, Adler and Tilles combination in St. Louis, promises to open its gates according to original plans and to conduct a race meeting independent of the Western Jockey Club, which ignored the Union Club's request for dates. The Union Club last week received the news which probably will prove an entering wedge to force the Western Jockey Club and its local adherents to recognize the new track. The news came from the California and Eastern Jockey Clubs announcing that they would assume a position of absolute neutrality in the contest between the Union Club and the so-called Turf Trust. The Union Club's officials interpret this ruling to mean that horsemen racing under Eastern or California Jockey Club rules may without fear of the outlaw rule run their horses on the Union Jockey Club's course also. The Cella, Adler and Tilles supporters think that the neutrality ruling means that the Eastern and California Jockey Clubs will not take sides in the affair. The Union Club has a staunch friend in the Eastern Jockey Club in the person of "Dry Dollar" Timothy Sullivan, who is a power in politics in New York and who has more than a little to say in the government of Eastern horse owners and racing plants. They count on Senator Sullivan's friendship to induce Eastern horsemen to ship to St. Louis and race on the Union course, and as the California Club looks to the Eastern racing men of prominence for inspiration, it is believed here that they will fall in line with the Eastern horsemen. It is, besides, a well known fact that the Eastern Jockey Club does not approve of the Western Jockey Club's methods, and it is thought it will do all in its power, without openly declaring war, to make the Union Club's existence permanent. Another surprise for the Western Jockey Club may come from Chicago before the opening of the racing season in the spring and it may be that the W. J. C. will find it has opposition in that city. Horsemen who prefer to race in the West have signified a willingness to defy the Western Jockey Club and race on the Union course, provided they are assured of profitable racing in season. If there is not a breach in Chicago to provide this the Union Club may be in a position to furnish winter sport as well as spring and summer racing.

There is little chance of a special race between Archie Hahn, the crack amateur sprinter of the Michigan University, and Arthur Duffy, the world's champion of Columbia University. Hahn is confident that he could vanquish Duffy in a 100-yard dash, but his colleagues in the Michigan institution think the Easterner has him outclassed. Hahn is admittedly too slow at the start for Duffy, but his friends think that he may improve sufficiently this summer to make him a formidable rival of Duffy. It may be that these two speedy sprinters will be brought together in a special event at the St. Louis University's indoor meet in March. Negotiations to that end are under way, and if Hahn

does not appear it is more than likely Duffy will participate. The University intends to make the meeting the most pretentious of any yet held. It has invited athletes of nearly all the leading educational institutions of the Middle West to send teams. Its own squad has been going through severe training for the contest. The Missouri State University boys are also taking deeper interest than ever in athletics and will have a crack team to represent the college. The athletic manager will send their best to the St. Louis University meeting.

It looks now as though St. Louis' base ball exhibitions will be on a par with the other entertainments offered visitors. Mr. Frank de Haas Robison, owner of the Cardinals, is sparing no expense to reconstruct his base ball club and the Browns likewise will be greatly strengthened. Mr. Robison has acquired some good talent since the season's close, and with Nichols to manage it may have something of honor to boast of at the end of the 1904 season. Both St. Louis teams probably will go South to get into condition. As to "Patsy" Donovan, it is more than likely he will land in the American League and under Comiskey, as Jimmy Callahan's successor.

There is great rivalry among the ten-pin bowlers of St. Louis, who are looking ahead to a trip to Cleveland, where the annual tournament is to be held the second week in February. St. Louis will be represented by at least two strong teams of five men each, and membership in these teams is the great desideratum in the nightly contests that are now being held on St. Louis alleys. Last year St. Louis sent a bunch of good bowlers to the tournament, but they were handicapped and their effectiveness weakened by being sandwiched among bowlers of less ability or lesser interest. And some of the players who represented this city did not seem to take a deep interest in capturing the prizes. This season, however, St. Louis' five best tenpin bowlers will form one team and those next in efficiency will form the second team. At present it looks as though the ten who will represent St. Louis at the tournament are: H. Leffingwell, Worden, Roberts, Kolf, all of the Blue Ribbon team; Jellison, Pflueger, Klem and Rautenberg of the Grands; Easley of the Bankers, and Hughes of the Vikings. It is hoped that a compromise will be reached on the old ball question, which again promises to cast a shadow on the tournament. It is claimed that the Eastern teams, composed of men of wealth, will insist on all-wooden balls of sixteen pounds being used. The players of lesser means and many who are capable of defraying the expense of the all-wood ball incline to the opinion that the National Bowlers' Convention should permit the use of the loaded ball where the other regulation ball cannot be obtained.

"Sir!" exclaimed the injured party, "you stuck your umbrella into my eye." "Oh, no," replied the cheerful offender, "you are mistaken." "Mistaken?" de-

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manded the irate man. "You idiot, I know when my eye is hurt, I guess." "Doubtless," replied the cheerful fellow, "but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one from a friend to-day." —*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

"Oh, yes, I've opened an office," said the young lawyer. "You may remember that you saw me buying an alarm clock the other day." "Yes," replied his friend; "you have to get up early these mornings, eh?" "Oh, no; I use it to wake me up when it's time to go home." —*Philadelphia Press.*

Sympathetic friend—"What's the row, old man? Don't you like the ship's fare?" Suffering editor—"Oh—it isn't that I don't like it! The rejection of anything does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in merit. Any one—of a—number of reasons may render a con-

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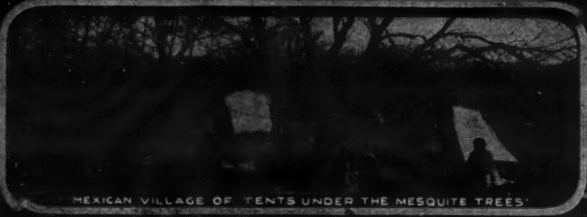
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